THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.

—The Voice of the Silence

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THE INNER MAN'S SUSTENANCE

...for after all is said and done, the purely bodily actions and functions are of far less importance than what a man *thinks* and *feels*, what desires he encourages in his mind, and allows to take root and grow there.

— H. P. BLAVATSKY

What a man eats or drinks matters little; it is the self-denial, the self-restraint behind it that matters. By all means practise as much restraint in the choice of the articles of your diet as you like. The restraint is commendable, even necessary, but it touches only the fringe of *ahimsa*.

— GANDHIJI

IN THE VEDANTIC CLASSIFICATION of man's principles, the physical body is known as *annamaya kosha*, literally, the "sheath consisting of food." The body is indeed made up and sustained by the food which we eat. Deprived of nourishment, it weakens and of starvation dies. The food problem is thus one of physical survival.

When a nation is threatened by famine it faces a crisis which calls for the exercise of disinterested, intelligent and co-ordinated effort. When wholesome food becomes scarce, hungry people become desperate and will eat almost anything. Abnormal situations bring about peculiar and extreme consequences.

But what about indiscriminate feeding of the body in times of plenty?

Although dietetics is today a science and much informative and useful literarure is available on the principles of a balanced diet, many continue to eat indiscriminately, driven by wrong habits, the cause of which is often psychological. Even physiological cravings are rooted in psychic tendencies. In the *Bhagavad-Gita* Sri Krishna refers to three kinds of food on the basis of the three *gunas* or qualities of *sattva*, *rajas* and *tamas*, clearly showing that men like one or another kind of food because of their psy-

chic disposition and mental make-up. Diet for the body necessarily involves a psychological factor, and we should understand by a balanced diet not only the proportionate quantity of protein, minerals, vitamins, carbohydrates and fat, but the balance of the inner man, which alone will stimulate a wholesome appetite for natural and nourishing foods. As set forth in the *Bhagavad-Gita,* only those in whom the dark quality of *tamas* or indifference prevails will be attracted to food which is rotting or impure.

The body cannot be wrongly fed without almost immediate effects which involve discomfort, pain and disease. And so even the most careless or greedy among men will hesitate to gorge themselves or to indulge in injurious and poisonous foods. But man is enveloped in several sheaths and the sheath of food, sustained by the food given to the body, is only the external envelop. Within that outward body lie hidden the inner sheaths of man, more important because closer to him. But how many are aware of these inner *koshas?* How many know the dietetics or the science of nutrition of those inner bodies? When Sri Krishna refers in the fifteenth chapter of the *Bhagavad-Gita* to the four kinds of food, commentators interpret the statement as a reference to four different types of physical food, but these may well be symbolic of the other kinds of food which nourish and sustain the inner sheaths. The four kinds of food may well be a reference to physical, psychic, mental and spiritual nourishment.

However indiscriminate many may be in feeding the body, excesses and abuses in feeding the psychic and mental natures are far more prevalent, and few there be who know even the elements of the science of mental diet. No sane person would voluntarily pick up the contents of a garbage pail to feed the body, yet that same person goes to the gutter, metaphorically speaking, to pick up food for his psycho-mental nature! And careful parents who give their children only clean and wholesome food to nourish their physical bodies provide for or allow their children rotting and poisonous food for their minds and their emotions!

Long before the age of "horror comics" Plato warned parents of the danger of feeding young minds with wrong thoughts. He says in his *Republic* :—

> Shall we just carelessly allow children to hear any casual tales which may be devised by casual persons, and to receive into their minds ideas the very opposite of those which we should wish them to have when they are grown up?

Young children are most impressionable to what they see and hear. They are like tender flowers requiring gentle and loving care, and it is wicked to expose them to the violence and the poison of bad literature, ugly comics, violent films and television shows, etc.

One reason for this criminal negligence is the materialism of our present civilization. Steeped in gross and brutal materialism, we attach greater importance to the physical, that which is perceptible to our senses, and undervalue or altogether deny the importance of the inner. To most people the only real world is the objective; that which is subjective is looked upon as nebulous and unreal. Thus because we see and feel the ill-effects of over-eating or under-eating, of a wrong diet, of indulgence in undesirable food or drink, we accept the principle involved and endeavour to exercise some care and restraint in matters of physical diet. What happens in our consciousness when we indulge in wrong food for the inner sheaths is subjective: it cannot be seen or felt *via* the sensorium; and so we think we can ignore it. In their folly, people deny it altogether, and many there are who would argue: "What I think concerns only myself. What does it matter what I read? Am I not an adult free to read anything at all?" We have yet to learn the supremacy of the inner man over the outer case or body. Far more harm can come to man through a wrong mental diet than through indiscriminate eating. And the food for the mind includes what we think and feel, as also what we read and what we talk about.

Certain types of reading are veritable poisons to the inner man. They inflame his passions, pervert his thinking and pollute his consciousness in most subtle and insidious ways. Nay, more: thoughts once generated have wings and travel into space carrying far their intrinsic quality, whether good or evil. Let us by all means learn to take proper care of our bodies and of the bodies of our children, but let us not overlook that more important still is the care of our minds and our psychic natures.

The inner man is made up of thoughts. His closest environment is his mind and its clothing. We live in our thoughts and are always in the company of the pictures we have hung on the walls of our mind. If we have fed our minds on thoughts of evil and of violence, corresponding impressions have been stored in our minds, and, if allowed to take root there, they become corroding forces, undermining our mental health and polluting the mental climate about and around us. How many wicked deeds and crimes could be traced to these invisible picture-galleries in the minds of men and women who have indulged in injurious food for the inner man!

But let us take comfort in the knowledge that we can choose the right food for the inner sheaths and thus clothe our minds in radiant garments of purity and nobility. Let us guard our inner selves from undesirable influences and endeavour to people our current in space with bright and loving thoughts that will spread their beneficent quality far and near.

NAMRATĀ

THE CHALLENGE OF BUDDHISM TODAY

[**Professor Howard L. Parsons** has taught philosophy at several universities in the U.S.A. and is at present Associate Professor in the Department of Philosophy and Religion in Coe College, Iowa, U.S.A. In this article he shows most ably the abiding values of Buddhism and traces their application to the many problems we are facing. The remedy lies with man. We can conquer all our problems if we but face our responsibility, if we succeed in feeling ourselves "responsible for the universe."
—ED.]

IT HAS BEEN over 2,500 years since Gautama Buddha received his illumination. Because of the long survival of his gospel alone it behoves us to consider it with care. More than that, it has induced a wide-spread comfort and fortitude in millions of its followers. A religion of clear-eyed enlightenment, "infinite compassion" and moral courage, it was, in the domain of religion, an independent and intelligent struggle with man's predicament. Beginning as a subtle analysis of that predicament, it grew into a great movement aiming at world-loyalty. It has displayed insight and intrepidity in coping with the universal human problems of suffering and liberation. It is doubtful if, after certain moral issues have been considered in Buddhism, much more is left over to be said.

Let me suggest three perspectives of Buddhism which appear to be of abiding value for man, which seem confirmed by the findings of modern science and which speak peculiarly to our predicament today.

I

The first perspective which Buddhism presents to us has to do with *restlessness.* As a fact of life, this need not, at the start, be taken in any valuative sense. It is simply put forward as a characteristic of existence—not just our existence, bodily and mental, but the existence of all things. Max Born's book, *The Restless Universe,* expresses the idea. Nothing stands still; nothing rests; all things come into being and pass away. "Decay is inherent in all compound things." If we do not flinch from existence, this is what we find: flux that we cannot flee. Modern natural science from Bruno to Einstein has seen this, and its "laws" pertain to the relations of such changes. One law that underlies all such laws is the law of cause and effect—called *Karma* in Buddhism and interpreted by it as having moral import.

The fact of flux is psychic as well as cosmic, physical and biological. Man is an indeterminate creature. He is not born with a fixed identity, nor

can he achieve one; whatever he does, glorious or inglorious, is in time undone. It too passes away. Man is a wanderer, like the stars; he is for ever being made and re-made. Old and new psychologies have observed this.

Flux therefore has its moral side.

First, no value is permanent. Every good should be labelled "perishable." Finalities are eventually finished; negations are negated; what pretends to be eternal is only a mummy's mask for what is temporal and mortal. Fixities become fictions. Absolutes become obsolete. Every end turns out to be another means. All authorities crumble like long-buried parchment lifted into the open air; all icons tumble into the abyss; scriptures, priests, rituals, gods; philosophies and wisdoms; family, friends, society, the world, and all other needless reeds on which we lean. We are reeds too, which today are and tomorrow are cast into the fire of the great world-furnace. This means, morally, that we are thrown back upon ourselves, where we are, in change.

But not quite. For the restlessness of the world means also that we are moving out from where we are to where we are not. We are thrown out of ourselves. We are thrown up against others. We are flowing and mixing with the world, willy-nilly. Each self is alone, sheared away from all props and foundations; at the same time each self is torn out of itself and is carried into the current and vortex of others. (Hence the two great traditions of Buddhism, Hinayana and Mahayana.) The fact that the great flux of the world strips us of authorities and isolates us, places responsibility upon us, and nowhere else. The fact that we are involved with mankind and all creatures obligates us to compassion.

There is a second moral implication to be drawn from the notion of a universe that for ever flows. That is the moral error of fixation. If it is mistaken to see anything as permanently real, then it is immoral to regard anything as permanently valuable. Yet in the desperation of our deep needs and our insecurities, this is our recurring temptation. We desire to deify some thing, person, institution, idea or doctrine, that we might be delivered from the anxiety of our indefinite condition. (This is what is meant by saying in Buddhism that "desire"—this kind of distorted desire—is the root of evil.) We want identity, and seek it by identification with something that seems worthy of worship and surrender; food, drink, clothes, home, kin, job, objects of sex, property, prestige, power, class, party, nation, religion, race. In doing so we inflict anxiety, disappointment, hostility, suffering and destruction upon ourselves and others. The world is filled with fetish-worshippers whose grasping natures

goad them to fix the world and others after their own graven images: others are nails to be driven, boards to be sawn, plaster to be smoothed, used, and thrown away, as they build their gilded temples to their little tin gods—themselves. This can be done—but not for ever. The creatures of the world are changing and belong to themselves; and they defy fetters. As Rilke says:—

> Do not be troubled, God, though they say "mine"
> of all things that permit it patiently.
> They are like wind that lightly strokes the boughs
> and says, MY tree.

We and others suffer not merely because our blind impulse drives us to grasp and to clutch what cannot bring happiness, but because every action has its consequences, and possessiveness, being alien to the nature of the world, rebounds upon the possessor, possessing him and destroying him as well as others. Selfishness is always self-destructive; fixations accumulate systems around them which at last collapse upon themselves. This is true of a man's relation to himself: a portion of the personality will always, openly or unconsciously, rebel against a rigid character structure. This is true of our inter-personal relations: "each man kills the thing he loves" (if he loves possessively) and so will have none to give love to or receive love from. This is true of our international relations: if a nation (like the U.S.A.) seeks a credit balance in its favour in a world of have's and have-not's, its own goods will rot in its bins, its economy will languish and thrive temporarily only on a military basis, and other nations, otherwise ready for trade, will move away from it.

II

Change, and the law of change, with its moral implications, lead us to the Buddhist emphasis on *responsibility*. When the world is viewed as the work of blind Fate, or capricious Chance, or the inscrutable gods, morality is impossible. But when both our inner world of thoughts and intentions and the outer world of objects are seen as continuously changing—morality is not only possible but is required. If change is the nature of things, then man too can change, and he can take a hand in changing things and changing his self. To *be* himself, man must *become* himself, and do so by intelligently freeing his self from its bondage to habit and ignorance. To free himself from the habitual fixations which take hold of him and strangle him, man must act with seriousness and courage. He must, in the words of Zen, "go ahead." He must be responsive to his opportunity to be a free creature. This means employing his intelligence to understand and purge

himself of his suffering and its causes in his own ignorance and clinging to false, ephemeral values; renouncing his dependence upon these objects of misplaced devotion; and compassionately involving himself in the rescue of all suffering beings.

Buddhism is a religion of intense and unfanatical moral fervour. "Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already." Buddhism does not exhort, missionize, threaten or lure. It does not say, "Grovel in your sin; adhere to this doctrine; blindly believe; have on this harness of myth, and this rein of ritual; submit and obey." It simply says, "Try; trust; persist. Work out your own salvation with diligence, and your own way with discipline. For as you think, so you shall act; and as you act, so you shall be."

Since we make ourselves we are responsible for and to ourselves. In a sense responsibility only arises when we realize that we do make ourselves, and then have thrust upon us the conscious choice of determining ourselves. A child or an animal is not irresponsible; it is simply ignorant, driven by *avidya*. But an adult person who has the use of reason, and deliberately (this is usually done unconsciously) turns away from its use, is irresponsible. Such a person will offer all but the true reasons for his behaviour and his character; he will blame heredity, defects of his body or organs, destiny, accidents, the social system, history, nature, acts of gods and devils, and the like. The case is the same with an imperialist, a landlord, an exploitative industrialist, a crooked politician, a corrupt priest, a tyrannical father—or any person who refuses to become concerned about basic human rights, which all come to the right of liberated fulfilment. Each will fix the responsibility everywhere but where it at last belongs: on himself. It belongs not on his empirical and created self, which is always partial and incomplete, but upon his creative self. That is the self which must be courageous and earnest in the face of change, uncertainty, deprivation, ambiguity and death. That is the self which must by an act of renunciation and resolve rise above the past selves and the constrictive force of individual *karma* and social influence. That is the self which must each moment become autonomous and free. That is the self which, sitting aloft like the bird in the Upanishad that watches its mate feed, must watch all empirical selves, and must say, "It is time now for you to take your flight, for the autumn is on us, and I must fly anew to the high mountains to build my nest for another and a sturdier brood."

Buddhism is not a soft religion. It is for the warriors of the world of thought and will. It is a call to permanent self-sacrifice in a world of change where the self must change; a call to resoluteness in a world of

dissolution: a call to persistence in a world that does not persist; a call to integrity in a world of momentariness. Buddhism levels; it demands of every man that he do his utmost to save himself; and in its description of man and his task, and the hope it holds out, it is radically democratic. It places man's destiny, individual and collective, squarely on his own shoulders, and it expresses faith in his success.

III

Buddhism's third perspective of value is its attitude of *relatedness*. Buddhism has been criticized for its preoccupation with suffering, but its sense of suffering is an aspect of its deeper attitude, its fellow feeling. If no "ego" is fixed, then those trains of states which we call our "selves" cannot stand over against one another. They must be involved with one another in one way or another. An ego is what is carved out of a complex of experiences—something asserted against its world of "others." An ego is the thread of experiences (broken, and of various colours) wrapped around the spindle of desire. It survives because most of us persist in the illusion that it is real and valuable. To live as an ego is to see the world and others as means to our ends, materials for our needs and either threats or supports to our security systems. The ego is separative; it does not "get with" others but holds things "against" them, and it is compelled either to ignore them, exploit them or live as a parasite upon them.

To live without ego (as thus defined) is to live quite differently. It is to live with compassion. This is not possible if we think of ourselves as the centre of the universe. It is possible if we see ourselves for what we are: in the words of the junior Oliver Wendell Holmes, "not as that of a little god outside, but as that of a ganglion within." It is possible if we first renounce our own unrealistic, anxiety-ridden and power-impelled strivings and see ourselves as mortal and mutable, capable of "enjoyment without possession," and as creative conquerors of ignorance, habit and suffering. For if we see ourselves as such then we shall not be driven by the inner nature of our egoistic aims to negate the lives and values of others. We shall affirm them, because we can affirm our own. We shall affirm them as individuals who must by necessity suffer in their own way and may by freedom triumph in their own right. We shall gladly greet them at break of day as fellow seekers in the quest for the good life, for the knowledge of the briefness of our day will be all too poignantly upon us. "The world does not know that we must all come to an end here; but those who know it, their quarrels cease at once." And if our fellow travellers are apathetic toward themselves and the world, we might gently enjoin them to seek

and to save that which is lost, their own souls, by earnest and resolute thought and kindled awareness of the power and joy of life when it is poised, masterful and compassionate. And, if they are hostile, we shall remember that "hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love."

What is the message of Buddhism for our own time? What it has been for men of all time: that all things change; that men are caught up in this universal flux; that in our ignorance and fear we seek to escape change and dissolution by reason of the illusion of selfhood; that this illusion drives us to fix upon some idea or doctrine or special perspective or person or political or religious system; that because of *karma* we do incalculable harm to ourselves and others by such selfish, unrealistic fixations; that our salvation lies in enlightenment about our condition, our renunciation of our false gods, our responsibility, our moral courage to live creatively and our compassion.

"In general," says Gaston Berger, "there are now two groups of people in the world: those full of hope but living in poverty, and those enjoying prosperity but haunted by fear of the future." We are not free from want or free from fear. It can be said that man's problem is economic—economic in the broad, ecological sense. It has to do with his relations to himself, to others, and to the rest of the environment. There is a marvellous fitness in our biosphere—which in the West we are rendering unfit with selfish and irresponsible industrial, agrarian and atomic policies. Even for all its fitness, however, that environment, natural and social, will not change of its own accord to suit our needs. It must be changed by *man*. The next phase in evolution must spring from man's mind and his spirit: Huxley and Aurobindo agree on that. Alertness and courage are required. Social change, however much it may act back upon individuals, must be initiated and carried through by regenerate spirits. If "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" is a sound principle in politics, it is so because it is the law of freedom for every person, where politics at last rests. Man's "right" to be free becomes meaningless unless he affirms and uses that right, and unless that right expresses itself as responsibility. Responsibility means responsiveness to the creative opportunity which defines one's self; it also means responsiveness to the self-determining agency of others—*i.e.*, consultation in matters touching our mutual interests and welfare, and freedom for each to participate in discussion, decision and action in matters affecting him.

Ultimately, the conquest of poverty, disease, ignorance, insecurity, fear, hatred and selfishness lies in our own hands and minds. We *can* conquer

these problems, and the needless suffering they bring. We can, if we can feel sympathetically, think honestly, communicate freely, control effectively and persist diligently and earnestly, to the end of human fulfilment. We can, if we can feel ourselves (in the words of Simone de Beauvoir) "responsible for the universe." That is the message of Buddhism. That is the challenge of Buddhism today.

HOWARD L. PARSONS

INTERNATIONAL LAW: ITS EFFECTIVENESS

THE NEED for creating strong public opinion to help halt all nuclear tests was emphasized by Prime Minister Nehru recently while inaugurating the Indian Society of International Law in Delhi. Pointing out how nuclear tests and experiments in other means of mass killing that were being made in some parts of the world were a great danger to the entire humanity, he asked (*Hindu*, August 31st):—

> How far has any single country the right to throw out poisonous substance in the air? This was a question, he added, that came under the purview of International Law. While this question had been pending for a long time, big countries were indulging in nuclear tests through mutual fear and apprehension.

There is nothing new in the concept of international law as there is sufficient evidence to prove that belief in "natural law" transcending the particular laws of nations had existed for a long time in the ancient civilizations of India, Asia and other nations. What was wanting was only its effectiveness which has always depended on the extent to which individual nations considered themselves bound by it. Custom and belief may have been the original source of international law but treaties have provided for its immediate sanction. The Prime Minister referred in this connection to the role of the United Nations, which was trying to apply to the world problems some kind of international law, and deplored its inadequacy by remarking:—

> It is true, in practice, in the opinion of many, the United Nations is not able to apply its laws justly and equitably as it ought to, because groups of nations pull it in different directions. We see developments in which the United Nations is being somewhat bypassed by various types of regional pacts that are growing up. Doubts have arisen as to whether these regional pacts are in keeping with the scheme of the United Nations.

The difficulty has always arisen from the inadequacy, not of the law, but of the means for enforcing it. The means could certainly be strengthened as the Prime Minister pointed out through organizations like the Indian Society of International Law which he was inaugurating, which alone can build up an effective public opinion. As he rightly emphasized these questions were not purely theoretical but issues affecting the whole of humanity.

TRAGEDY AND SANSKRIT DRAMA

[In this long essay **Shri K. Viswanatham, M.A.,** a teacher of literature of many years' standing and at present Reader in English, Andhra University, Waltair, examines the concept of tragedy, and suggests that in an essential sense Sanskrit drama also possessed it. His essay is full of interest and steeped in literary reminiscence of both the Sanskrit and the Western writers whom he loves. This is the second and concluding part; the first appeared in our last issue.—Ed.]

II

Regarding the tragic hero's character thus, we may find an explanation for tragic delight, though it has defied poeticians in the East as well as the West. According to Aristotle, tragedy rouses pity and fear and effects the catharsis of those passions. Catharsis is said to be a medical metaphor, meaning purgation. It is a question of Greek scholarship, says F. L. Lucas dogmatically, to know that it means this, not something else. In its religious sense it means purification. Humphrey House points out that in its medical sense catharsis refers not only to quantitative evacuation but qualitative change in the body. Music effects catharsis (*Politics,* VIII. 7). In Aristotle's *Ethics,* II–IV, pity, fear, etc., it is stated, should be felt at the right times, with reference to the right objects, towards the right people, with the right motive and in the right way. In Chapter XIII Aristotle states that our pleasure when good triumphs and bad suffers is not tragic pleasure. Not any or every pleasure is tragic. Epic, for instance, has its own pleasure.

The central problem of æsthetics is said to lie in tragic pleasure. Catharsis is a Serbonian bog in which armies whole have sunk. About catharsis we are dazed by quotations quoted from quotations, commentaries commenting on commentaries, definitions defining definitions and explanations explained by explanators. The net result is that we are "distracted from distraction by distraction." How is it pain does not pain us? Many explanations suggest that pain by a magic formula changes into pleasure. Psychology, philosophy, æsthetics, Greek scholarship, psychoanalysis, *belles-lettres* interpretation, have all had a go at catharsis, only to resile like splintered lances from an Achillean shield.

Some of the *alankarikas* (Sanskrit æstheticians) have wrestled with the problem of tragic pleasure in their discussion of *Karuna Rasa* (Pathos) unavailingly. The authors of the *Natyadarpana* have the rare courage to admit: "Happiness and sorrow are the soul of *Rasa.*" Madhusudana

Saraswati observes: "From all *Rasas* we experience equal pleasure." From the point of view of this discussion, the profoundest remark is made by Vishvanatha in his *Sahityadarpana*: *Tebhyaṣca surate dantāghātādibhya iva sukhameva jāyate.* Cleopatra's

> The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch
> That hurts and is desired

is a fine paraphrase of Vishvanatha. As in the lover's pinch, in tragedy there is pain, but the pain is desired. That is the secret of tragedy. One fire drives out another, one nail another, one value a lower value. Æsthetically, tragedy has no unhappy ending. This psychological truth is explained well in *The Tempest* (Act III, Sc. I):—

> There be some sports are painful and their labour
> Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
> Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
> Point to rich ends....

To use men after your own honour and dignity is Hamlet's way; to use them after their deserts is Polonius's. All tragic heroes and heroines are of Hamlet's tribe. How else can we explain Shakuntala's forgiving Dushyanta, the stricken and abandoned Sita's feeling for Rama, Jimutavahana's assuming the victim's red garment, Vasantasena's pardoning her would-be murderer? The catharsis of pity is that pity is found to be superfluous, because the tragic honour is felt to be above pity and beyond reward: it is unpriced. It is

> the star to every wandering bark
> Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

The catharsis of fear is that fear is replaced by a strange exultation at the sight of honour sweeping every paltry time-worn mooring of consideration like a tidal bore and leaving wreck and ruin behind:—

> When we our betters see bearing our woes,
> We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Aristotle's pity and fear condition men in the same way as *Vira* and *Ṣṛṅgāra* do. Pity properly exercised leads to sensitiveness and fear properly met leads to strength. Pity and fear debauched slip into insensitiveness and arrogance. Otherwise they engineer a union of opposites, the neighbourhood of the granite and the lily, breed those

> More than adamant stern, more tender too than a flower.

In the same way *Ṣṛṅgāra* makes us ductile; *Vira* makes us doughty.

Tragedy produces this union through "the establishment of associated reflexes." Death itself, writes Carrel, is desired when it is associated with some great adventure, with the beauty of sacrifice, with the illumination

of a soul immersed in God.

> That loving constraint the City endured, as a woman
> in desired ardent embraces.

As Lear says: "When the mind is free, the body is delicate." Otherwise the tempest in the tragic hero's mind keeps out the contentious storms without.

After so much of discussion and description the tragic can be defined as "expression of man's free will and of a loyalty, conscious or unconscious, to something beyond the rebuke of the ignorant present" (*Life and Art of Shakespeare,* p. 147). "Tragedy = *Arête*" is the formula of tragedy. A "tragic ending" is one of the marks of a tragedy; by itself it does not make a tragedy. A great classical scholar, Professor Bowra, notes:—

> Aristotle recognizes a kind of tragedy in which the change of fortune is from bad to good but he is not much interested in it and says elsewhere that in the perfect plot the change should be from happiness to misery. For him tragedy had already some of its modern associations, naturally enough, since he is partly responsible for them. In his concentration on plays which end unhappily he neglected a large part of Greek Tragedy. (*Sophoclean Tragedy*, p. 261)

Bhasa's *Urubhanga* is technically a tragedy, but *Śākuntala, Uttararāmacharita, Nāgānanda, Mṛcchakatika* are finer tragedies. Who can deny the expression "tragic" to Jimutavahana's sitting on the slab of death (*vadhyaśila*); to Rama's abandoning Sita though she is as dear to him as the ruddy drops that visit his heart; to the unquenchable loyalty of Rakshasa or Chandanadasa; to Shakuntala's chastening her youth into womanhood? How is it provocation does not provoke Sita or Shakuntala or Vasantasena or Charudatta? Bitterness does not touch them; affliction, in Perdita's words,

> May subdue the cheek
> But not take in the mind....

What outfaces disaster in the tragedies, writes Professor Peter Alexander in *A Shakespeare Primer*, may be just what in happier circumstances gives ordinary life its daily beauty and value. For all human passions are potentially tragic—love itself may break the heart though only those with hearts to break can know its joy.

The tragic hero, the tragic plot, the tragic delight, make up the tragedy —not the tragic ending by itself. In the perfect plot there are *peripety* and *anagnorisis*. *Peripety* is not reversal of fortune but reversal of intention or direction, the change from one state of things to its opposite, a boome-

rang effect, being hoist with one's own petard. *Anagnorisis* is Realization:—

On their blind sin came swift eyesight like a flame.

The *peripety* and *anagnorisis* should not only occur in the external events but in the mind of the hero. The violence of "come not between the dragon and his wrath" softens into the helpless discovery of "I think this lady to be my child, Cordelia." One of the finest illustrations of *peripety* is the Sanskrit fable of a mouse which gnawed into a basket with the hope of obtaining food but became food for a starving serpent who escaped through the hole. Realization is seen in the story of the man who killed his pet mongoose seeing the blood marks on the cradle, thinking that it had killed his child, only to realize that the mongoose had killed a cobra and saved his child. The third act of *Ratnavali* contains a series of *peripeties*. In the *Uttararāmacharita* Sita expresses a desire to see the forests and is abandoned in those forests. In *Nāgānandam* the red garments sent to Jimutavahana bring about a different state of things and Garuda, eating him, says: "He will quench today my desire to eat serpents." In a way not intended by him, his appetite is quenched. Rustum realizes too late that he has killed his son. Candaules in Herodotus prevails upon his friend to see the naked beauty of his wife and the Queen forces the friend either to kill her husband or to be executed. In *Don Quixote* there is the story of a friend importuning his intimate to make love to his wife by way of testing her chastity; the mock wooing leads to elopement. In the *Madhyamavyayoga* of Bhasa Ghatotkaca realizes that he has fought with his father. In *Philoctetes*, Neoptolemus who comes in league with Ulysses becomes the champion of Philoctetes and hater of Ulysses. The lover's hug of affection becomes a hug of death and we dig our grave with our teeth. We fall into the pit we dug for our enemy and the engineer of the brazen bull is roasted to death in it first, *Peripety* and *anagnorisis* postulate the keen relish of unexpectedness in men and events.

In a way Aristotle pleads for *Adbhuta Rasa*. In *The Importance of Being Earnest* the existence of a brother is a fake, but as Miss Prism relates the story there is a brother after all. In *Lady Windermere's Fan* Lord Windermere persuades his wife that Mrs. Erlynne is more sinned against than sinning; in the end the rôles are changed: Lady Windermere persuades Lord Windermere that Mrs. Erlynne is a good woman. In the *Pillars of Society* the pride of the town finds, surprisingly enough, strength to reveal how his life was built pompously on chicanery and untruth. Shylock's "A Daniel come to judgment" becomes true, but goes against him.

Samsthanaka's location of Charudatta's house to prevent Vasantasena from giving him the slip actually enables her to escape. When reversal and realization are hitched to great moral issues, matters of the greatest possible importance to human life, we have a tragedy—the tragedy of human error.

In the light of this discussion *Nāgānandam* must be considered among the finest of tragedies. Even the happy ending seems to illustrate *peripety*. A kingdom is given up, only to be recovered at the end; a life is sacrificed, only to be revived by a goddess; new garments intended for a bridegroom become a victim; Garuda's appetite is quenched once for all and he realizes the great sin in him and joy pullulates in the swarms of dead serpents; life is created under the ribs of death. Bhasa's *Urubhanga* has a tragic ending, no doubt. But it is a tragedy because of Duryodhana's magnificent character. He typifies *arête* even in the moment of death. His inability to get up in his father's presence is a second blow to him. In another birth, too, Gandhari should be his mother. His son is advised to serve the Pandavas; he cannot offer his lap to his son. The breaking of the thighs has changed him; that is the *peripety* and *anagnorisis*.

Sanskrit drama is amazingly like Shakespeare's romances of the final period. That resemblance is a tribute to its modernness. Not only are the tragic and the comic mixed in it, which is an astonishing technical advance on Greek drama, but at one leap it shows the artistic venture and experiment of a Shakespeare in *The Winter's Tale, Cymbeline,* etc. That these plays are not the nurslings of an aging Shakespeare is the recent critical revaluation. Lytton Strachey's picture of the Shakespeare of this period, a retired, bored Anglo-Indian, is dismissed with the indifference it deserves. In the romances, says Raleigh, the outlook on life is widened. The lily of romance grows out of the mire of tragedy. "Be cheerful, Sir" grows out of "Othello's occupation is gone." Shakespeare now sees the daily beauty, writes Professor Alexander (*Life and Art of Shakespeare*, p. 205), of an Imogen or a Perdita as a conquest of the world that reveals a power comparable to that in the tragic passions of an Antony or Coriolanus. Out of this strength comes the sweetness of the romances. Professor Sutherland tells us that the common-sense genius of Englishmen made them mix "funerals and hornpipes" because life is neither all misery nor all gaiety. The ineffable common sense of Shakespeare is shown in the final plays: the knocking at the gate comes flowing in on the violent silence of a tragedy. The tragic *arête* that takes up arms against a sea of troubles is the same *arête* that

pilots itself in the sea of prosperity. Quiller-Couch remarks about *The Tempest*:—

> What?—rather than *Othello* or *Lear*? Yes, as I can bravely imagine, yet can just imagine, a world in which the murder of Desdemona, the fate of Cordelia, will be considered curiously as brute happenings proper to a time outlived. And again, while I reverence the artist who in *Othello* or in *Lear* purges our passion, forcing us to weep for present human woe, *The Tempest* as I see it forces diviner tears. We feel we are greater than we know. So on the surge of our emotions, as on the surges ringing Prospero's island, is blown a spray, a mist...there rides in it a rainbow, and its colours are wisdom and charity with forgiveness, tender ruth for all men and women growing old and perennial trust in young love. (*Shakespeare's Workmanship*, p. 299)

Shakespeare's romances prove, as Sanskrit drama proves, that the daily charities and kindnesses and sweetnesses can be as heart-breaking as the tragic heroisms and resolutions and nobility. Peace hath her victories no less than those of war. In the tragedies rightly to be great is greatly to find quarrel in a straw when honour is at the stake; in the romances rightly to be great is greatly to love, as Perdita, Imogen and Miranda do. Forgiveness is the best part of revenge. Shakuntala, Jimutavahana, Sita, Rakshasa are shining examples that the quick business of daily life with its continual sacrifices and charities is of tragic grandeur. The tragedies are an assertion of individuality: the romances are a merging of individuality in the sweet give-and-take of life. To fight for honour is heroism; to be honourable because it is not possible to be otherwise is greater heroism. C. S. Lewis says very acutely that our noble "Fight the good fight" would have puzzled the ancients. The rarer action is in virtue rather than in vengeance. Technically and spiritually, tragedy has to develop into a romance—a romance which is three fourths tragic.

Sanskrit drama combines the tragedy and romance periods of Shakespeare into a single achievement. The *Karuna Rasa* is a recognition: *Sunt lachrimæ rerum*: the *Śanta Rasa* shows that there is nothing here for tears. In the final plays of Shakespeare what is lost is found; what is supposed to be dead is found to be alive; the storm is followed by music. There is the realization of self which is the crown of life—in Gonzalo's words,

> And all of us ourselves
> When no man was his own.

There is explicit statement of rebirth; the characters are twice-born. The rendings are closed by reconciliations; we are separated only to be re-

united; and we die into life. The best interpretation of the final plays is in the lines of Shakespeare's "Sonnet 119":—

> O benefit of ill! now I find true
> That better is by evil still made better;
> And ruined love, when it is built anew
> Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

People who do not favour tragedy say it is a partial view of life and leaves a bad taste in the mouth. The reward of virtue in a tragi-comedy is according to others a kind of shopkeeping with God; reward in a way lessens the impressiveness of sacrifice. According to Shaw it was the crucifixion that made Christianiy so popular. Aristotle points out that a play of poetic justice is comedic. Virtue rewarded does not tease us like virtue which is its own reward. Honour which consumes all timidities and "the impression of keen whips would wear as rubies" is ill seated in the lap of prosperity. Adversity seems to be the fittest region and haunt of virtue; we remember more the blow on our head than the garland round our neck. Happiness is a delusion. Suffering is real; it is obscure and dark and has the nature of infinity.

It is wrong to think so. Prosperity is a harder test of virtue. Adversity can strike the spark from ordinary nobility, but extraordinary nobility alone can accept the challenge of prosperity. To accept Dushyanta once again as if he had done no wrong, as on the day in the hermitage when she first surrendered her future to him, is a finer nobility in Shakuntala than crashing like an elephant through briars to honour. To say with Desdemona, "Commend me to my sweet lord," is finer heroism than Antigone's "Doing this it is good to die." It has been shown that earthly crowns do not taint the tragic heroes and heroines: kingship, happiness, etc., are to them trusts faithfully to be accounted for, duties to be nobly discharged, responsibilities not to be undertaken cavalierly.

For all the contempt heaped on poetic justice, it deserves a passing nod of approval. Poetic justice, said Lucas, is neither poetic nor just. But poetic justice which has challenged pedantry and injustice is poetically just and justly poetical. Poetic justice dissolves our suspicion of the reign of justice and maintains a new vision of life reborn. The revival of Jimutavahana strikes a reader of *Nāgānandam* not as anticlimax or bathos but as the inevitable culmination of what he did earlier. Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves throw incense.

The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this piece....

"I cannot be easily persuaded," said Dr. Johnson, "that the audience will not rise better pleased with the final triumph of persecuted virtue."

The foregoing pages have laboured the thesis that tragedy is the *arête* of strength. Romance is the *arête* of sweetness. The sweetness of the tragi-comedies is not a cloistered virtue but one that has wrestled with death and the scourges of life.

The tragedy is a blow for freedom, a championing of individuality, a flaming record of *arête*, a proud personal revaluation of life, man's unwearying, indomitable, quenchless bout with fate. It makes a divinity of man,

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade.

There is this difference between Western tragedy and Sanskrit drama: in Sanskrit drama the hero, like Charudatta, outfrowns false fortune's frown in the conviction of following a great commanded good; the impressiveness of vast unyielding personal choice is sicklied over with *Dharma*; in the West it is the personal choice and an unwavering loyalty to it. The head is bloody but unbowed under the bludgeoning of fate. It has been shown already that the purgation of pity and fear is effected by *arête*. The hero is set sharply against the chorus. The chorus, as Professor Whitman has argued in his excellent study of Sophocles, is the voice of prudence. The Shakespearian tragedy, as sketched by Professor Peter Alexander in his *Hamlet: Father and Son*, is the record of a magnificent obsession. The Bradleyan approach to tragedy, fixed by the Hegelian, must be revised in the light of modern Greek scholarship. *Śṛṅgāra* in Sanskrit drama induces a snail-horn perception of beauty and *Vira* the strength of a ruler of lions.

Tragedy is not catastrophe, not *hamartia*, not the pain of birth. It is *arête*. Tragedy fills us with exultation. The tragic hero is applauded as Karna was greeted with the warriors' "lion-roar" when he cut away the armour he was born with from his body:—

Seeing Karna cut away himself, as it were,
All burst into lion-roars.

The death of the tragic hero makes the night moonless: *naṣṭachandreva śarvarī*.

It is better than a thousand ordinary lives. As Donne laments in *An Anatomy of the World* after the death of Elizabeth Drury, we have to say: "He is dead, he is dead....The world sighing through all her parts gives

signs of woe that all is lost." The hero is the salt of the earth, the high Pamir of nobility; he is the Phœnix that dies in a self-lighted pyre and is born. His death is a natural lustration; his life is a strange glow. We touch the heavens and shake hands with the gods themselves.

"Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for Prosperity doth best discover vice, but Adversity doth best discover virtue."

K. VISWANATHAM

THE MOUNTAIN TOPS

Many there are who dwell in the towns
And tramp the hard flint roads,
And sell and buy and ask not why.
They dwell in towns until they die,
And do not seek the high abodes
But look askance and greet with frowns
Those who dwell on the mountain tops,
Whose heads are in the clouds.

Some there are who dwell on the land,
Who toil from morn till night,
And though they know to dig and hoe
And how to reap the seed they sow,
And see the sun's red dazzling light,
They find it hard to understand
Those who dwell on the mountain tops,
Whose heads are in the clouds.

The few who dwell on the mountain tops
Care not for mundane things;
Silver and gold when all is told,
Differs not from the earthy mould
From which all sorrow springs.
The mountains feed them fairy crops;
For those who dwell on the mountain tops
Receive the food of the Gods.

SRAMANERA JIVAKA

RURAL EDUCATION IN AN AGE OF TECHNOLOGY

[**Mr. W. Kenneth Richmond** is Senior Lecturer in Education at the University of Glasgow. In this article he makes a plea for a re-examination of the rural way of life. The latter, he feels, has permanent values to offer. It should not be taken for granted that the invasion of the "rural" by the "urban" is normal or desirable. Could it not be symptomatic of disease rather than a sign of healthy progress? His thoughtful contribution has a valuable message for India, where the major portion of the population lives in her villages. — ED.]

A YEAR OR TWO AGO I wrote a little book called *The Rural School: Its Problems and Prospects*. Not surprisingly, it aroused no great interest and is now quietly remaindered. The truth is that while the problems of the rural school are recognized and receive sympathetic consideration from the authorities few people in Britain — or in the Western world as a whole for that matter — believe that it has any real "prospects." J. S. Mill's fear that "a general State education is a mere contrivance for moulding people to be exactly like one another"[1] may not have been realized, though some might say that the advent of "Admass" is proof that the fear was not altogether unwarranted, but there is no doubt that so far as educational *institutions* are concerned the effect of State control has been to secure an increasing measure of uniformity. As a result, in most Western countries everything possible is done to make the rural school match the urban school as regards aims, methods and curricula. Indeed, whenever the criticism is voiced that the rural school is suffering from neglect the assumption, almost invariably, is that any improvement must take the form of more up-to-date equipment so as to bring the school into line with the corresponding school in the town. Rarely, if ever, is any attempt made to defend rural values as existing in their own right, or to develop a distinctively rural idiom in education.

There are many reasons why this should be so. Tempting as it is to say that educational policy-making everywhere tends to be in the hands of men and women who are themselves essentially urban-minded, the real reasons lie deeper. It will be as well to admit at the outset that the word "rural" no longer possesses any clear-cut significance as applied to English people or English occupations. Except for an insignificant land-owning

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[1] Essay "On Liberty" in *Utilitarianism, Liberty and Representative Government* (Everyman Edition), p. 161.

class and a minority of farm-workers, the English countryman is an all but extinct species. In most places the squire has gone, the blacksmith's shop is converted into a garage and the closely-knit community life of the village has been broken up. The homely crafts which once supplied the villagers' needs, making them largely self-supporting, have been run out of business by mass-production methods. Modern transport, in taking the country to the town, and *vice versa*, has shuffled the pieces on the board, so to speak, so that today it is hard to say where the Urban Districts end and the Rural Districts begin. Whereas in the old days the teacher in the village school could be tolerably sure that most, if not all, of his pupils would eventually earn their living on the land, his successor today must bear in mind the thousand and one destinies to which his pupils will be called. In these circumstances, inevitably, a rural idiom in education seems to have precious little survival value. Those who talk in terms of the "honest discipline of the soil" are derided as idle dreamers, back numbers who are out of keeping with the spirit of the age. The demand, we are told, is for more nuclear physicists, more electronic gadgeteers, more specialists in this, that and the other. Science and technology set the pace in the twentieth-century's rat-race, and those who wish to stand and stare will very soon find themselves left behind.

Yet it was the tortoise, not the hare, which won the race in the end, it may be remembered. There are two ways of looking at this industrial civilization of ours. The first, and much the more usual, is to regard the urbanizing process as both irreversible and desirable—the means by which civilized life, as we are pleased to call it, is constantly being improved. According to this view, thinks Professor Norbert Wiener,

> our nostalgia for the "simple life" antedates the success of the industrial revolution to which we have been subject, and must not blind us to the fact that we are not free to return to that pristine state. Our industrial progress has mortgaged our futures....Our fathers have tasted of the tree of knowledge, and even though the fruit is bitter in our mouths, the angel with the flaming sword stands behind us.[2]

Only greater and ever greater ingenuity, in other words, can save us: we must look forwards, not back. It is useless to pine for the crafts and cultures of yesteryear:—

> The best that a pick-and-shovel worker can do to make a living at the present time is to act as a sort of gleaner after the bulldozer. In all important respects, the man who has nothing but his physical power to

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[2] *The Human Use of Human Beings*, pp. 56-57.

sell has nothing to sell which it is worth anyone's money to buy.[3]

New sources of power have produced a totally new situation in which a return to cottage industry is now possible, and it is in this direction, if any, that the rural areas can be said to have any real prospects. The rural way of life, in order to survive, must undergo a radical sea-change.

To the vast majority of people nowadays, it goes without saying, such an argument will seem incontrovertible. Opposed to it is the view which sees urban industrialism as an unnatural growth and one which sooner or later will need to be arrested. This view, far from presupposing that the forward march of human ingenuity is ever upward, draws a necessary distinction between "positive knowledge" (which is cumulative) and "existential knowledge" (which is certainly not cumulative). For this reason, moreover, it draws a similar distinction between "observed progress" which is mainly technical, and "believed progress" which is essentially moral and spiritual; and it insists that the intellectual and material advancement on which the modern world, and particularly the West, prides itself is at best superficial. It is, indeed, worse than superficial, for it has left us with a theory and practice of education which, for all its brilliant successes in training the mind, has left other attributes of the learner stunted or atrophied. Because of this we are all suffering from what Mannheim called a "disproportionate development of human faculties," a ribbon-development of the brain which distorts our outlook.

From this point of view the argument which holds that technological progress is both inevitable and right and that all's well with the world so long as it is maintained, is less easily defensible. By contrast, the spread of urban industrialism may be thought of as the spread of a disease in an otherwise healthy tissue; and by the same token, the size of the big city becomes the symptom, not of a healthy growth, but of a tumour which may prove fatal unless it is caught in time.

The trouble is that all our thinking is grounded on the belief that the kind of education on which any nation's welfare depends is, in the nature of things, in advance of that which the countryman's philosophy has always prized. Since the days of Greece and Rome the very adjective "rural" has been used in a slightly pejorative sense, synonymous almost with "boorish and backward." The townsman pins his faith on the pre-eminence of intellect, on his own cleverness. The countryman, for his part, acknowledges the primacy of the moral will. To the extent that we are prejudiced in favour of the first we shall, of course, be disposed to think

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[3] *Ibid.*, p. 180.

that the one results in a higher level of culture than the other. But unless we forget that no culture can exist apart from a religion we shall not make the mistake of preferring the first to the second.

What has happened to the rural areas in Britain is not unlike the situation in those so-called underdeveloped countries whose way of life has been disturbed by the intrusions of modern European-type civilization. Granted, the comparison is not exact, but in each case what we have to do with is an encounter between a progressive, industrial-technological culture and one which may be characterized as unprogressive and passive. Little is known as yet about these encounters, but this much is certain: that any culture which imposes itself on another invariably suffers a dispersion. To borrow the metaphor used by Arnold Toynbee, it is as though a light ray were diffracted into its components by the resistance of a prism. Of the various culture rays some have a way of penetrating swiftly and deeply, while others make no apparent impression. Thus Western scientific and industrial techniques have found eager acceptance throughout the world, whereas Western politics, art and religion have, on the whole, been rejected. The danger is that, once it is detached from the whole culture of which it is a part and from which it derives its dynamism, the loose "ray" may be mischievous, upsetting the balance of the system into which it is newly injected. What happened in Japan, then, is rather like the process which has been taking place over a much longer period in the rural areas.

It is clear, however, that this penetrative power is not an attribute of particular culture "rays," but stems from the vitality of the culture as a whole. The fact that Western technology happens to be so influential does not mean that there is a kind of infra-red quality about it which Western politics, art and religion do not possess. If that were the case we should find it impossible to explain why, in a previous age, the Western world was itself wide open to the forces of Christianity. A more plausible explanation would be that science and technology enjoy their present *succès d'estime* because they represent the only side of our culture which remains vital.

Are we to conclude from this that Western culture, like a once radioactive substance which has reached the end, or very nearly the end, of the uranium-lead series, is exhausted? Unpopular as they are, theories of this sort are not to be discounted too easily. It is in this chastened frame of mind that we begin to sense that the rural way of life may, after all, have values which we need to relearn. At least, when we say that the village has been cut off from the mainstream of the nation's development for the past two hundred years, we might do worse than ask whether this devel-

opment has been entirely desirable. Maybe the village *is* a living fossil, but maybe for that reason alone it preserves something we can ill afford to lose. The question remains: Why is it that the countryman clings so stubbornly to customs and beliefs which are generally looked upon as outmoded? Is it not because he is aware that the urban culture pattern is trivial and evanescent, where his own is deeply significant and abiding?

One of the standing criticisms of education nowadays is that it is so preoccupied with techniques that it seems to have lost sight of any ultimate aim. The extent to which the original strata of Western civilization have been overlaid by the scientific and industrial revolutions can hardly be exaggerated; and while there is no denying the all-round rise in standards of living there is no questioning the loss of faith which has occurred. Without wishing to advocate a return to mediævalism, there is something to be said, surely, for the view that a re-examination of the rural way of life and its values has much to offer, if only because it confronts us with questions which otherwise we would gladly evade, and because, in doing so, our presuppositions about the continuous process which we call education are necessarily subjected to a more rigorous scrutiny.

W. KENNETH RICHMOND

YOU MAY drive out Nature with a pitchfork;
but she will ever return again.

—HORACE

YEATS AND HIS MODERN CRITICS

[**Dr. V. S. Seturaman** is a lecturer in English at Annamalai University in South India. His doctoral thesis was on *New Bearings in English Literary Criticism*. He has also contributed to the *Review of English Studies*.

In this essay, he deals interestingly with some suggestive and contemplative poems of Yeats. Our readers may be interested also in an article on "The Impact of Theosophy on the Poetry of W. B. Yeats," in THE ARYAN PATH, December 1955.—ED.]

IT IS NOT surprising that modern criticism does not care for the poet who wrote

> Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths[1]....

This is indeed sentimental and vague. But

> What shall I do with this absurdity
> O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature
> Decrepit age that has been tied to me
> As to a dog's tail....[2]

is certainly poetry; for to be poetic is to be dramatic, to be colloquial, to organize words and images in such a way as to make "realization of experience" possible—in short to be *metaphysical*.

So Mr. F. R. Leavis says of the poetry of this later phase that

> the verse, in its rhythm and diction recognizes the actual world, but holds against it an ideal of aristocratic fineness. It is idiomatic and has the run of free speech, being at the same time proud, bare and subtle. To pass from earlier verse to this is something like passing from Campion to Donne.[3]

L. C. Knights has something powerful and illuminating to say on "Sailing to Byzantium." The poem reveals to him "a reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities as the source of its power" and he concludes by saying:—

> there is a steady recognition of what is now, for the poet, unattainable, but not only is Byzantium itself alive (for images of spontaneous movement and delight qualify the deliberately chosen *monuments* and *mosaic*), the theme of its meditation and its song is what is past, or passing, or to come

and the function of the "artifice of eternity" is to celebrate that living

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[1] YEATS: *Collected Poems*.

[2] *Ibid*.

[3] F. R. LEAVIS: *New Bearings in English Poetry* (Chatto and Windus, London. 1932). Reprinted in *Permanence of Yeats*, edited by J. HALL and MARTIN STEIMANN (Macmillan, New York. 1950), p. 174.

world of the first stanza in which the stress falls equally on *dying* and *generation*.[4]

C. Brooks's examination of the texture of "Among School Children"[5] and "After Long Silence"[6] is yet another instance of the success of the new approach, namely, the method of local analysis.

The method, however, has its limitations; and in a poet like Yeats it sometimes even misleads. Donald Stauffer has shown in his admirable *The Golden Nightingale*[7] how the view that a poem is self-sustaining and explicable in its own words is not wholly helpful in the case of Yeats. Yeats has put his personality into his poems and a study of them without a knowledge of his life is useless. To read Dr. Jeffares on Yeats's moods in the years 1916 and 1897[8] and then to go to "The Wild Swans at Coole" is to see the richness of certain lines especially the lines

> Unwearied still *lover* by *lover*...
> *Companionable*....[9]

More often it happens that the biography is the only clue to our understanding of the structure of the poem; and all our examination of the texture of the poem can only proceed upon this basic knowledge of the structure. V. Koch[10] says of "A Bronze Head" that by systematically following the sign-posts provided by the poem itself we shall discern a self-contained unit of experience. But one doubts whether the details given by Dr. Jeffares *about* the poem are not necessary to discover the "sign-posts" and see them as sign-posts.

Indeed Yeats is even more complex. He has put himself in his works; and this *himself* includes his "learning and beliefs," the philosophy of life he evolved for himself and the traditional language of symbols he used to communicate his vision of life. A neglect of the clues given by Yeats to his own poems and the attempt to dissociate his poetry from his beliefs have resulted in a very unsatisfactory interpretation of a very important lyric. John Wain,[11] for instance, says that the fifth stanza of the poem "Among School Children" broadly means:—

A man of sixty would hardly seem worth the trouble of bearing and

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[4] L. C. KNIGHTS: *Explorations* (Chatto and Windus, London. 1946), pp. 182–3.

[5] CLEANTH BROOKS: *The Well-wrought Urn* (Dennis Dobson, London. 1949), pp. 163–77.

[6] CLEANTH BROOKS and R. PENN WARREN: *Understanding Poetry* (Henry Holt and Co., New York), pp. 116–21.

[7] D. STAUFFER: *The Golden Nightingale* (Macmillan, New York. 1949), pp. 64–70.

[8] A. N. JEFFARES: *Yeats: Man and Poet.*

[9] YEATS: *Collected Poems.*

[10] V. KOCH: *The Tragic Phase* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. 1955), pp. 79–87.

[11] JOHN WAIN: *Interpretations* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. 1955), pp. 194–210.

> bringing up, if he appeared before his mother at the moment of parturition. He then goes on to say that the detail is complicated. The young mother is in the midst of childbirth ; she is being given an anæsthetic, but, since birth has to be at least intermittently conscious or it could not be performed, she is divided between consciousness and recollection (a marvellously exact use of the word). This is for her unmistakably an ordeal ; she would escape if she could ; it was the honey of generation, the pleasant activity of conceiving the child which let her in for this ; it betrayed her.[12]

The refusal to take seriously Yeats's note to the phrase "honey of generation" has betrayed J. Wain into the generation of the above view. The words "that must sleep shriek...decide"[13] refer to the child and not to the mother. It is a matter of simple syntax. (It may be remembered here that Yeats abjured free syntax as he abjured free verse.) And in "honey of generation" we are up against the much detested "system" of Yeats. You either accept it and understand the stanza or you explain the stanza away as J. Wain has done. It is a reference to the doctrine of Plato as it was understood and made use of by Blake and Yeats. In Platonism, as F. A. C. Wilson has shown us,

> the soul has a prenatal existence in heaven after which it descends through a series of stages into the material world, acquiring during its descent the attributes of personality it will have in its future life...[14]

Once we understand the significance of the traditional language of symbols used by Yeats, we see what it is for the child to be "drugged," that is to be made to lose or to forget its state of purity.

The stanza is indeed crucial; for it prepares us for the comprehensive vision of life communicated in the last stanza.

The last stanza has offered difficulty to many critics; for according to them it is in excess of what is required for the particular experience described in the poem ; namely, the old man among schoolchildren. They have taken it for granted that the primary theme of the poem is the antinomy of youth and old age and derivatively Beauty and Wisdom. It is true; but it is so closely related to the ever recurring problem in Yeats's poetry—the refusal on the part of Yeats to accept old age and death and his desperate attempt to reconcile flesh and blood with the spirit. Other poets have attempted the reconciliation; but in the process they gave up the body and escaped into the timeless. Eliot, for instance, speaks of the

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[12] *Ibid.*

[13] YEATS : *Collected Poems.*

[14] F. A. C. WILSON : *Yeats and Tradition* (Victor Gollancz, London. 1958), p. 210.

"still point in the turning world" or "the Rose garden"[15]. But Yeats would never consider this a solution. He was so much rooted in this earth, this world, that he felt that kind of escape was no good. The eternal moment must not only be here and now; it must also be a kind of ordered movement of this flesh and blood. He knew very well that the spirit in its descent (or its becoming) gets drugged (stanza 5) and impure. It forgets its innate purity and freedom, and yet Yeats would make this life immortal and pure and beautiful—an expression or becoming of the Divine principle.

Hence there are two movements in the poem. There is first the descent of the soul, its involvement or what Yeats would call "the man-soul getting trapped into the cradle of birth."[16] Then the ascent of the soul with its roots still here trying to live a kind of life Divine on earth. The only image that can adequately represent for him this ascent is the Tree which is a key symbol. It is the rooted blossomer: synthesizing life and spirit, life as the becoming of the spirit. Stanza 7 expresses the plain but bitter truth about life as it is organized at present. All human enterprise, all labour tends to destroy the body. Even acquisition of wisdom can be done only at the cost of beauty and youth. Stanza 8 presents a new view of life where all labour could be spontaneous blossoming or dancing, an organic expression of the spirit's harmony and freedom. Body is but the "becoming" of the spirit and labour is only "body swayed to music."

The image of the *dancer* reconciles another aspect of the same opposition, the opposition between stillness and movement. The reconciliation is done by the ordered movement of the dancer. Evidently the perfect pattern envisaged is equally removed from the "staring children" and the wise but old scarecrow. It is also removed from the nuns and mothers worshipping images; it is the growing tree; and the dancer from whom the dance cannot be dissociated.

A reading of the poetry on the printed page will no doubt yield something; but for a total appreciation one must have the total meaning and this needs not only an active poetic sensibility (which is born of an awareness of the poet's language of symbols) but also a knowledge of the poet's life and beliefs and a temporary suspension of disbelief in the beliefs of the poet. Yeats knew this and so perhaps he wrote: "my belief must go into

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[15] T. S. Eliot: *Four Quartets.*

[16] Harold H. Watts: *Hound and Quarry* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1953), p. 203.

what I write even if I estrange friends. . . ."[17] The appreciation of Yeats's poetry is really the last reward of consummated scholarship.

V. S. SETURAMAN

THE CHILD'S CLAIMS

CRITICAL STUDIES have revealed that the seeds of many maladjustments in later childhood or adult life are sown in early childhood. A proper appreciation of the emotional and mental needs of children by parents and teachers will make all the difference between the happily adjusted child who grows up to be a normal adult useful to society and one who becomes increasingly maladjusted. Rightly, therefore, Shrimati Indira Gandhi, President of the Indian Council for Child Welfare, urged that child welfare should be an integrated part of the national welfare programme and not considered as an isolated item. She said that children were not a community by themselves but a part of one, and "their problems formed part of the problems of the nation." She was presiding over the General Annual Meeting of the Indian Council for Child Welfare in New Delhi recently.

A child has rights in and claims on its family, State and society. It is entitled to loving and affectionate care, the best that education and health services can offer and all opportunities for self-expression and vocational development. Unfortunately, child welfare remains a neglected cause in this country, the compelling reason being the general poverty of the masses, who cannot properly look after their children. Shrimati Gandhi, therefore, according to a report in *The Hindustan Times* (New Delhi), stressed the need

> for a comprehensive survey of the child welfare services in the country and said that universities and schools of social work could help the Government in this task by correlating their subjects for thesis and research so that these problems could be studied. As the State would not be in a position to undertake all these surveyed services, the non-official and voluntary bodies and social workers could become co-partners with the Government in this task. She said that the Government should help voluntary agencies for child welfare.

There is great need to plan child-welfare projects, taking the family as the basic unit. Such projects must lay equal stress upon the preventive and the curative aspects of welfare services.

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[17] *The Letters of W. B. Yeats*. Edited by ALLAN WADE (Rupert Hart-Davis, London, 1954), p. 911.

GRASS-ROOT SAGA

[We are glad to publish this short sequence of meaningful poems by **Mrs. Dorothy Ellin Flax,** of Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. Of their central conception she writes :—

"Grass-Root," as used in the title, is not restricted to its narrow political association, but meant to symbolize any great movement which is carried forward by the common people.

Few are capable of the passionate devotion to an abstract ideal which deeply human leadership inspires. So the God of the Christians thought it necessary to embody His creed in human form — to sacrifice the mortal symbol of His immortal son. So Gandhi, through forbearance and self-denial, moved his great nation to freedom and world leadership in the quest for peace at all levels.

It is through the sensitized awareness of such personalities as these, and a surrender to the ideals they embody, that all great movements — whether religious or political — are fruited with enduring life.

— Ed.]

I. BEYOND RECALL

I, who was arrogant and too cocksure,
Never had known humility before —
Nothing, it seemed, could penetrate a core
Of crusted ego no one could endure —
Until you came to melt away the mure
By simply being. Now I glimpsed a store
Of gracious human traits which stirred me more
Than all your storied feats — the first to lure
My transient heart. Then, all at once I felt
The downsurge of this strange humility
And, in a flash of insight, I lost all
My buttressed vanities as my heart knelt
Before the splendour of simplicity,
And so I lost myself beyond recall.

II. ON THE BRIGHT EDGE

If I could hold one moment in my hand
To savour now and through eternity,
The one I'd choose you'd scarcely understand —
Only the fringe of it belongs to me.
In the spring sunlight with a lifelong friend
You stood when I chanced by, and there found you
Deep in remembrances whose cherished end
Misted your telling eyes with tender dew.
Measureless depths of tenderness so strong
Welled up into your face, I was swept along

On the bright edge of that resistless tide,
Fathomless as the ocean and as wide,
And how I yearned to share the smallest part
Of the vast bounty of that bounteous heart!

III. AND ALL THAT MOVE BETWEEN

I like to think of you in quiet among
Those you love best, and who must love you well,
Tranquilly sheltered from the turbulent throng—
Relaxed, with only simple things to tell—
No need to spend yourself to cast a spell,
As you do over multitudes, but, strong
In rectitude and tenderness, compel
The like from those you move and dwell among.

I cannot chart the way it came to be,
But this concern transcends all else with me—
That seas and stars, and all that move between,
Leave you clear ecstasy and still serene
While you continue unaware of me
For this brief moment of eternity.

IV. THE FULL TOTAL

I have become as nothing to myself —
You — the full total of my every thought —
With clear fresh meaning my whole being . . . fraught;
All that preceded you lies on a shelf
Discarded — along with my discarded self —
In the live rapids of your mind I'm caught,
And there I find all I have ever sought,
So, yielding it, I grow beyond myself.

I do not need to keep you at my side
To feel your vital presence hour on hour —
Your leaping mind 's so luminous a guide
I draw from it a constant flow of power.

So may all men — living your living word —
Stride forth to freedom and a live accord.

DOROTHY ELLIN FLAX

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A COMPARISON OF RELIGIONS*

THIS VOLUME is an expansion of lectures delivered in 1957 before the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, by Dr. Zaehner, Spalding Professor of Eastern Religions and Ethics at Oxford. For a serious study in comparative religion, the title at first sight sounds somewhat casual; but the learned author is drawing on the passage in the *Epistle to the Hebrews* wherein St. Paul declares that it is God alone "who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past to the fathers and the prophets." The learned author brings in a wealth of erudition to bear on the words "divers manners," and tries to show how they have a relevancy and application far beyond what St. Paul could have imagined.

The first lecture examines some basic considerations. The next two deal with the Indian contribution; the fourth covers the "Prophets Outside Israel," Zoroaster and Muhammad. The last, which bears the significant caption "Consummatum Est," affirms the author's conviction that Christianity is the culmination of all religions, all the rest being merely *preparatio evangelica*. There is also an Appendix on the Qur'anic conception of the mission and nature of Jesus Christ. Altogether, the book is concisely described by the publishers as a "challenging piece of Christian apologetics." That is its merit as well as its limitation.

The author concedes "that very few Christian writers on comparative religion seem really to understand what the Indian religions are about." He cites the instance of the Neo-Calvinist Dr. Hendrik Kraemer who hauls the non-Christian religions before the judgment-seat of "Biblical realism" and finds them guilty of the sin of Lucifer. Yet he paradoxically agrees that Dr. Kraemer's analysis of Oriental mysticism is essentially correct. It is thus seen that the standpoint of these two scholars is practically identical, however different their modes of presentation. The position, which appears to Dr. Zaehner as enigmatic, is set out by him in the introductory chapter, and he proceeds with engaging diffidence: "In the following chapters perhaps we shall stumble on an answer, or perhaps we shall not."

But despite this apparent hesitancy, the author is in no doubt as to the final answer. This is how he concludes:—

> Christianity, then, does fulfil both the mystical tradition of India as finally expressed in the *Bhagavad-Gita* and the Bodhisattva doctrine, and the hopes of Zoroaster, the Prophet of ancient Iran. In Christ the two streams meet and are harmonized and reconciled as they are nowhere else: for Christ fulfils both the law and the prophets in Israel and the "gospel according to the Gentiles" as it was preached in India and Iran.

It is difficult to resist the impression that this is not so much a reasoned conclusion as the very premise from which the learned author starts. But that need not detract from the value of the book. An avowed bias is always preferable to one hidden under a cloak of specious objectivity. Dr. Zaehner's presentation of the Indian religions is

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* *At Snndry Times: An Essay in the Comparison of Religions*. By R.C. ZAEHNER, (Faber and Faber, London. 230 pp. 1958. 21*s*.) Received through the courtesy of the British Council, London.

remarkably sympathetic, although his greater affinity with the Semitic religions is natural. A special feature of the exposition is the use made of modern psychology, and of non-religious experience, *e.g.*, that of Proust, for obtaining an insight into the nature of religious experience. This is a book which will primarily help Christian readers to gain a congenial perspective of the non-Christian religions. That is obviously its purpose. But its contents are such as cannot fail to interest and profit the followers of other faiths also.

K. GURU DUTT

The Building of the Home. By B. P. WADIA (The Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore. 56 pp. 1959. Re. 1.00)

The building of the home is the subject of this book. There are well-written chapters on: "The Grihastha Ashrama," "The Status of Woman," "The Great Invisible," "The Light and Dark Side of Nature," "Little Things and Little Lives," "The Food of the Body," "Order Is a Lovely Thing," "House Warming" and "A Note on House Warming."

The late Shri Wadia was internationally known as a devoted and profound student and promulgator of the philosophy of Theosophy. It is, therefore, natural for him to approach this subject of the home and family life from the Theosophical point of view. The beauty of the approach is that it appeals to all those who have open minds and pure hearts.

Many of us fail to realize the true meaning of "home." A house is not a home. A house becomes a home when, as Shri Wadia says, it is the centre

> from which influences radiate giving dignity and grace to life, exemplifying filial piety, marital fidelity and parental protection.

Such a home is built by understanding and love. Love is the law of family life. Shri Wadia explains it thus:—

> The law of family life is love — the motor power without which a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood cannot be formed.... The state of the family at home, as its honours abroad, are wholly dependent upon its morals — the way in which its members behave towards each other, and that behaviour almost wholly depends upon the yoga of self-respect.

The *yoga* of self-respect is a value emphasized by Shri Wadia. According to him:—

> The yoga of self-respect demands that a person cultivate some realization of his own divine and immortal nature; that he recognize that liberty of thought and speech and action for any one must be in accordance and in conformity with the laws of that superior divine nature; that none is free to do as he pleases without a proper consideration for the place others occupy in the scheme of things; and lastly that each must learn, or has to be taught, to endeavour to regard the body as the Temple in which the Divinity of the Superior Mind has to become manifest.

There are numerous such passages which illumine our minds. But I would like to close this review with these closing words of the book, which underline the importance of the home:—

> The Home's neighbourliness is the starting point of civic and national life. Build a bright Home and the city and the nation will become bright.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

The Story of Osiris and Isis. Told by E F. DODD. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. 54 pp. Illustrated. 1958. 1*s*.)

This book tells the story of the ancient Egyptian deities, Osiris and his sister-wife, Isis, in a small carefully selected vocabulary of some 750 English words.

It has been written especially for

children in schools where English is taught as a foreign language, although I think an English child would enjoy it just as much.

After coming to Egypt, Osiris and Isis healed many sick people and when the old king of the country died the people asked them again and again to rule over them. They consented and did so for many years. After a while, Typhon, Osiris's wicked brother, grew jealous of his position and plotted to kill him. He succeeded in nailing him in a wooden box and floated it away down the Nile.

Isis, after a long search, first as a bird and then as a woman, finds the box and her love makes Osiris whole again. Typhon murders Osiris a second time and cuts his body into fourteen pieces which he scatters over Egypt. Again Isis after a long search finds all the pieces and again her love makes Osiris whole. But Typhon has seized the throne and they live in exile.

The time comes for Osiris to leave his wife and son to go to the sun-god, but he promises to watch over them and calls upon his son to fight for Truth and Right. Horus gathers an army and sets out to avenge his father against Typhon. After a fierce fight between the two armies, Typhon and Horus draw together face to face. The armies part to watch the terrible personal combat that rages between them.

Horus is eventually the victor, and he and his mother join Osiris in the land of the immortals. The sun sets and then a darkness of peace and understanding covers the land.

DAVID BROWN

[Our reviewer is twelve years old, and perhaps the fitter judge of such a book.—ED.]

New English Dramatists. Three plays introduced and edited by E. MARTIN BROWNE. (Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England. 238 pp. 1959. 3*s*. 6*d*.)

An idea prevails that many modern plays are almost unreadable because of the current fashion of using what is known as "The Method" and because the younger generation of dramatists appear to be largely concerned with abstractions. Even with the additional visual and auditory interpretations in the live theatre, it is not always easy for a mixed audience to understand what the play is about. I will say at once, therefore, that the three plays in the present volume are very readable and the stage directions are clearly set out, so that it is possible to follow the action from the depths of an armchair. This does not mean that they are written in the traditional mould, and some readers at least will find them a little obscure in places.

The first of the three plays, "Each His Own Wilderness" by Doris Lessing, is described by Mr. E. Martin Browne in his Introduction as being "full of turbulent life." I would have reserved the term "turbulent" for the second play. It seemed to me that the characters in *Each His Own Wilderness* express themselves somewhat too conversationally. Tony, for a young man who refuses to be brave and is bored with noble gestures, talks at some length and is much too eloquent about his misgiving to convince us of his sincerity. I found his mother, Myra Bolton, around whom the situation largely revolves, a shadowy and unsatisfactory character. Some of the scenes seemed to be far too contrived, so that the characters pop in and out rather at the author's convenience than from any internal compulsion. However, the reader will find much that is pleasant in the dialogue of people who often talk very well about themselves. The theme that, in a restless age, young people desire stability more than anything else is exciting, and one

is left with the feeling that it is a pity it was not more dramatically expressed.

The other two plays are written about Jewish life by Jewish authors, but their range goes beyond national or sectarian perimeters. "The Hamlet of Stepney Green" by Bernard Kops is vigorously told and the characters are full-blooded except for Sam Levy (the father of the young man David who wants to be a crooner), who after telling his family and neighbours that he is a dying man, dies, and for the rest of the play talks to his son as a ghost. I found this difficult to follow and somewhat unconvincing in cold print, and I was left with the impression that the author's purpose was not very well served by this device.

The third play, "Chicken Soup With Barley" by Arnold Wesker, although it spans twenty years in fairly short scenes, I found the most readable play of the three, irrespective of its theatrical effectiveness. It is somewhat reminiscent of the earlier Irish plays of Irvine and O'Casey, possessing their vitality, humour and pathos. The play centres around a middle-aged woman, Sarah Kahn, and the characterization of all the people in the play is excellent.

All three plays are well worth studying as examples of modern drama. It is possible that, as a result of printed plays issued at this price for the general public, a demand will be created for a more daring policy among the repertory theatres, and that pressure will be brought to bear on professional managements who, hitherto, have been nervous of departing from the policy of giving their audiences old and tried favourites.

PARNELL BRADBURY

The Edicts of Asoka. Edited and translated by N. A. NIKAM and RICHARD MCKEON. (Volume II of Philosophy and World Community, an international collection of texts. International Institute of Philosophy; University of Chicago Press, Chicago. xxvii+69 pp. A map. 1959. $1.75)

This handy little book is a fresh tributary to the ever swelling river of works on Aśoka's edicts. And, emanating as it does from two eminent professors of philosophy, it has a distinction of its own. It purports to be a digest of Aśoka's edicts and should have been entitled accordingly. "Edited and translated" is rather misleading, inasmuch as it contains no original text, and the translations presented are admittedly no faithful renderings.

The bulk of the booklet is bestowed on Foreword, Preface and Introduction. The remainder, pages 25-69, comprises nearly all the known edicts of Aśoka, in translation, shorn of all repetitions and redundancies. The authors claim to have given "a modern expression" to Aśoka's edicts, and that "in a language suited to his thoughts," as if to prime him to speak from a UNO platform, decrying war and appealing for peace. They have taken pains in couching the edicts "in simple idiomatic English," rearranging them so as to "permit them to tell a sequential story."

"Diruz Shah" on page 2 appears to be a misprint for Firuz Shah. On page 18, it is stated that Aśoka "was probably converted to Buddhism earlier" than the Kaliṅga war, but no justification is given for such a statement. The common belief is that it was after, and because of, the Kaliṅga war that Aśoka embraced Buddhism. This receives support also from Rock Edict VIII.

Aśoka's *Dharma-vijaya* probably means "conquest of righteousness" (in the same way as one says "conquest of happiness"), and not "conquest by morality," as opposed to "conquest by violence" (p. xii). This latter ill assorts with Aśoka's "change of heart."

The free rendering of the text suffers in places from oversimplification.

In the first Minor Edict (Maski, Rupnath, etc.), Aśoka confesses that after he had become an *upāsaka* he did not do much for the *Dharma* for over a year and a half in the beginning. This confession has been glossed over in the translation (p. 66), and suppressed in the Introduction (p. 17).

These blemishes possibly exist in the eyes of the specialist alone. The manual is meant mainly for the non-specialist, who is bound to benefit by a perusal of it. It will whet his appetite for knowing more about Aśoka's career, faith, personality and statesmanship.

B. Ch. Chhabra

The Mind Readers. By S. G. Soal and H. T. Bowden. (Faber and Faber, London. 292 pp. 1959. 30*s*.)

Extra-sensory perception, ESP for short, is now an established fact, and academic psychology has been compelled to take note of it and review some of its conclusions in the light of this phenomenon. After the pioneering work of the Societies for psychical research in England and other countries, and the brilliant work of Tyrrell, Rhine, Myers, Carrington and a host of others, psychology is gradually overhauling its conception of personality. It is encouraging to note that experiments in telepathy are becoming a regular part of ordinary laboratory work in experimental psychology. All this is as it should be; but the genuine can so easily be adulterated with the fraudulent that one needs to be on guard in dealing with telepathy. And it is here that this book is important.

The Mind Readers is undoubtedly a contribution, not only to the knowledge of telepathy, but also to the methodology on which that knowledge is based. It is the result of a series of rigorously controlled objective experiments in telepathy, and the use of accurate statistical methods in evaluating the results. Those familiar with the latest methods in experimental psychology will welcome the rigour with which the authors have made their findings valid and reliable. Other workers in the field will do well to emulate the example of Dr. Soal and Mr. Bowden.

The book is, in fact, an absorbing story of the casual discovery in a remote village in Wales of two boys, Glyn and Ieuan, with remarkable telepathic powers. The socio-cultural background of these boys and their intellectual level are described in the opening chapter. A clear account of the experiments, with all their basic features, follows, and the statistical techniques are explained in language clear enough for a layman. The remaining chapters contain detailed descriptions of the tests conducted in London as well as in Wales. No attempt is made to black-out failures and doubtful results. Facts which may militate against a belief in telepathy are candidly stated. Dr. R. H. Thouless of Cambridge rightly remarks:—

> It is quite clear that ... the boys were showing ESP. ...
>
> I think that any criticism of the book as showing insufficient care to establish the reality of the effect is wholly unjustified. On the other hand ... your arrangement sometimes suggests doubts to the reader which are not justified.

This is much to the credit of the authors.

The reviewer considers the Appendices as important as, sometimes even more important than, the text; because here all the experimental techniques dear to the heart of the investigator are given. Taken as a whole, this is an important book and a valuable contribution to the literature of ESP.

P. S. Naidu

The Upanishads. Vol. IV: *Taittirīya* and *Chhāndogya*. By SWAMI NIKHILANANDA. (Phœnix House, London. 406 pp. 1959. 25*s*.)

Since the time Anquetil Duperron published his Latin rendering of the Persian translation of the original Upaniṣads, called the *Oupnekhat*, and Schopenhauer, who read it, voiced forth his oft-quoted appreciation, the most important *Upaniṣads* have been rendered into nearly every well-known European language. Some of the earliest of these translators, like Böhtlingk, felt that what was necessary was a purely philological translation of the *Upaniṣads* and that

> no reference need be made to the Vedāntic interpretation of Śaṁkarācārya since that impresses upon the Upaniṣad an entirely false stamp.

There is some truth in this statement, since the Upaniṣads support, not only the *Advaita* of Śaṁkara, but also other schools of Vedānta like *Viśiṣṭādvaita* and *Dvaita*, and it would be invidious to say that any one of these *alone* gives the correct meaning of the Upaniṣads. It would, however, be wrong to ignore traditional interpretation altogether and, quite rightly, during the last fifty years and more, nearly all the valuable Upaniṣads, singly or in groups, have been edited with one or the other of these commentaries and translated.

Swami Nikhilānanda is, therefore, not the first to use the traditional commentary of Śaṁkara while translating the *Upaniṣads* into English. But his long stay in the U.S.A. has enabled him to give, in four neatly got-up volumes, of which this is the final, an eminently readable translation of the principal Upaniṣads which would interest the general reader in both the hemispheres. For the academic student also to benefit from this translation it should first distinguish clearly between the text and the commentary. Confusions between the neuter *Brahman* and the masculine *Brahmā* (p. 23) could be avoided, and the "Glossary" at the end can be made more accurate. The Editor could also use with advantage the system of transliteration current among Orientalists the world over.

H. G. NARAHARI

Buddha's Words of Wisdom: The Buddhists' Companion Book. Containing 365 Maxims and Utterances attributed to Gotama Buddha for each day and night of the year. Compiled from the Pali Canonical Writings by G. F. ALLEN. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 88 pp. 1959. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

This is a delightful little volume admirably suited for bedside reading. Mr. Allen has had the excellent idea of making an anthology of short quotations from the Pali Canon in calendar form. It should prove a very attractive book to put in the hands of those of one's friends who are more or less vaguely interested in Buddhism. It should do much to convey to such people the feeling of tranquillity which pervades the Buddhist teaching, and which is so necessary in these hectic times. Thus:—

> The tranquil sage abstains from slander and from greed.
>
> When thought is purified of desire, action lacks result (both "favourable" and "unfavourable"): this makes the calm one inviolable.
>
> Peace comes from within. Do not seek it without.
>
> The tranquil sage is envied by those caught in carnal bonds.

Yet in another place we are also reminded:—

> The way of the tranquil sage is a hard way: hard to find and hard to follow. The maxim is: "Stand firm! Be strong."

And again, "Birth must end in death following decay — it ever must be so," and so on. Thus by following up the

various themes one could, with this book alone, arrive at a fair idea of the basic teachings of Buddhism, some of the salient features of which are skilfully summarized in the brief Foreword: Nirvāṇa, *anattā,* the Four Noble Truths and the Noble Eightfold Path.

M. O'C WALSHE

The Secrets of Living Matter. By JACQUES BERGIER. With a Postscript by R. P. JEROME BECKAERT. (Barrie and Rockliff, London. 140 pp. 8 Plates. 1959. 13*s.* 6*d.*)

To those readers who have a good working knowledge of physics, chemistry and biology, this book will be fascinating reading and a useful source of reference to much of the research work which has been done in the last fifty years in the search for the secrets of living matter. To those with scanty knowledge of science the glossary will be useful, for though the author has done all he could to make things plain, it is not really possible to describe highly technical research work in very simple language.

Fifty years ago practically nothing was known about the chemistry of living matter, but today, the author says in his Preface, though we still cannot make a fox's hair, a grass seed, or a strand of seaweed, yet work is now going on which suggests that we may attain the secret in a not very distant future.

Two notable additions to our knowledge concern the virus, a large living molecule, and the hormone, or chemical messenger, which is carried by the blood stream to distant tissues to modify their functions. In September 1955, Dr. Fraenkel-Conrat made public his discovery of how to extract a virus from a mosaic-disease-infected plant, how to take this virus to pieces, and then after crystallizing the dead chemical compounds of which it was made up, how to reassemble these chemical products so as to obtain a virus capable of producing again the typical mosaic disease in another plant.

Hormones can be messengers of well-being or the reverse. Insulin gives health to diabetics, while an excessive flow of adrenalin caused by a fit of rage may bring disaster. Increase in knowledge about vegetable hormones has enabled us to accelerate or retard at will all plant functions from germination to the fall of the fruit. Anti-hormones have been discovered which kill some plants and not others so that selective weed-killing is possible. It seems that in the near future it might be possible to destroy the vegetation of the jungles of the Amazon by anti-hormones and grow rice and maize in their place.

Descriptions of pieces of research such as these abound in this delightful book, which certainly should be read by a very large public.

T. BEDFORD FRANKLIN

The Concept of Morality. By PRATIMA BOWES. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 220 pp. 1959. 21*s.*)

Dr. Bowes dates her "Acknowledgments" from Shri Shikshayatan College, Calcutta. The book is based on a thesis for the PH.D. of London University. It is a very remarkable achievement. The author is a young Indian. Having in her the traditions of classical Indian philosophy, she undertook the frightening task of entering the wholly different intellectual world of contemporary Western philosophy. Having to adopt the conventions of that world, she had to write in the fashionable idiom of discursive discussion and evaluation of the dicta of the idols of that world.

For example, does "justice" imply that no individual shall seek his own happiness at the cost of happiness of others? — a thesis difficult to maintain. Those who desire inter-caste marriage cause unhappiness to people who want to preserve the tradition of caste; those who oppose such marriages cause unhappiness to those who desire it. Do we consider those needs to be more legitimate which we find to be most intimately connected with the instincts? — another thesis difficult to maintain. Instincts, it is maintained, are legitimate which are compatible with good social life. Justice requires that the fulfilment of such instincts can be legitimately withheld from some and not from others only on comparative considerations of merit and demerit.

In spite of the terrible limitations imposed by the contemporary conventions of Western philosophers, the author has so familiarized herself with the literature of her subject that, without presumption and with perfect manners, she can hold her own in dealing with eminent writers and is able to let the light of India shine through (to the patient). The truth of course is that the moral experience is fundamental to decent life and this is a fact of experience infinitely more fundamental and important than the "facts" of "science."

G. F. RATTRAY

Uttarapath. By RAMESHNATH R. GAUTAM (SWAMI PRANAVATIRTHJI). Gujarati. (Maharaja Sayajirao University, Baroda. 343 pp. Second edition, 1958. Rs. 4.00)

The very fact that this book of travels in the Himalayas is brought out in a second edition suggests its popularity with the reading public of Gujarat. As a matter of fact, that public is avidly reading up descriptions of the grandeur and the beauty of the Himalayas in books of travel in that region by various people with delightfully varying aptitudes and tastes. Hence the large number of books of this type in Gujarati literature.

This book deals with a pilgrimage to four centres of permanent holiness to the Hindu mind. The pilgrimage was undertaken by Swami Pranavatirthji, a Hindu *sannyasi,* formerly known as Ramesh Rangnath Gautam, a well-known writer and a man of taste. His travelling was done in order to gain peace of mind and communion with the Infinite. It was undertaken at the behest of a spiritual urge, not in order to explore regions of beauty. That beauty, howsoever grand it may be, is the product of *maya*, and is to be recognized as such by all who have renounced the world, that, if one is held fast by it, then one has failed spiritually, is an oft-repeated axiom in this delightful book; but it does not come in the way of some beautiful and enchanting descriptions of that very *maya*. This, in fact, gives the book its value for the lay reader, who is not, and who does not want to become, a *sannyasi.*

The book is useful in another sense also. It gives the readers and prospective travellers in that region a clear picture of the conveniences and the opposite lying in wait for the traveller there. It contains a detailed description of the routes for the journey.

Though Kaka Kalelkar's book *Uttarakhand ni Yatra* is by far the best book of this kind in the Gujarati language, Shri Gautam's book serves a useful purpose, and is delightful reading, on account of its note of sincerity and its tone of humour.

GULABDAS BROKER

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[We print below the speeches on the fourteenth Foundation Day of the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore. The Foundatien Day Address was given by **H. H. Maharaja Shri Jayachamarajendra Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., LL.D.,** Governor of Mysore, who also unveiled a portrait of the late Shri B. P. Wadia, President-Founder of the Institute. — ED.]

THE FOURTEENTH FOUNDATION DAY

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE

Your Highness and Friends,

It is my pleasure and my privilege at this, our Foundation Day Anniversary, to extend to Your Highness a most cordial welcome on behalf of the Indian Institute of World Culture. This is not the first time that Your Highness has honoured the platform of this Institute. On the previous occasion, on the 9th of November 1957, Your Highness visited this Institute and delivered a scholarly and inspiring Address on "Avadhuta, Reason and Reverence." This Address has since been published by our Institute. On that occasion Your Highness also declared open the new hall of the Institute Library.

On that day, when Your Highness first graced our Institute by his presence, it was the Founder-President of the Indian Institute of World Culture, my late beloved husband, Shri B. P. Wadia, who welcomed Your Highness. And it was also Shri B. P. Wadia who last year delivered the Foundation Day Address from this platform. We are specially grateful that Your Highness so readily and kindly consented to deliver this year's Foundation Day Address, the first one since the passing away of my husband Shri B. P. Wadia.

In his welcome Address to Your Highness, my husband made pertinent reference to Your Highness's literary labours and scholarly work in the field of Indian Philosophy. Let me take this opportunity of referring to Your Highness's recent visit to the United States. We of the Indian Institute of World Culture felt both happy and proud to have Your Highness as a real Cultural Ambassador of our ancient and sacred land. In fact, Your Highness was really a cultural delegation in his own self, combining the best elements of ancient and modern India. And we know and appreciate to what extent the lecture tour of Your Highness in the States must have contributed to the *rapprochement* of the East and the West.

The Indian Institute of World Culture was established in this beautiful city of Bangalore, the capital of Mysore, of which Your Highness is the respected and esteemed Governor, on the 11th of August 1945. Thus fourteen years of labour lie behind us. During this whole period all the efforts and activities of the Institute have been directed towards the promotion of the spirit of Brotherhood and the dissemination of the ideals and principles which make for true culture. Through its numerous meetings, its Library — the new hall of which was inaugurated by Your Highness — its publications, and its organ, the monthly journal, THE ARYAN PATH, the Institute has aimed at being a centre of Light and a focus for the radiation of true friendliness and of heart understanding. In addition to these, the In-

stitute also conducts the William Quan Judge Cosmopolitan Home, where a few young men learn to live as brothers in a clean environment and a mental climate as truly liberal and cultural as we are able to make it.

Your Highness's gracious presence in our midst on this significant Anniversary Day gives us real encouragement to pursue our labours and to sustain our efforts. Deprived as we now are of the daily guidance of Shri B. P. Wadia, it is in his memory that we are determined to continue to nurture and keep alive this Indian Institute of World Culture which he founded and for which he himself worked devotedly and indefatigably to the last.

Before I request your Highness to unveil the portrait of our late Founder-President, Shri B. P. Wadia, and to deliver the Foundation Day Address, I should like to read the last paragraph of last year's Foundation Day Address by the late Shri B. P. Wadia. In doing so, may I, but a poor substitute for him, reiterate the thanks to all our colleagues and co-workers and the appeal for ever-increasing co-operation from our friends and brothers which he then made:—

> And now may I, before I conclude, offer to one and all of you who are present, and also to those friends who are not here today, my heartfelt thanks for all the kindness shown and for the opportunity to offer a slight sacrifice in the service of humanity? We labour in beautiful Bangalore, but our Institute radiates its bright influence, as a little candle throws its beams afar. May it continue to do so and may you all, friends and brothers, continue to help its growth, and its success along the lines of the Impulse originally given to it at the very start! May the Blessings of the Most High and of the Gracious Guardians and Helpers of human souls be upon it, and upon all of you! Thank you.

SOPHIA WADIA

FOUNDATION DAY ADDRESS

Madame Wadia, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am very grateful for your invitation to me to participate in the celebration of the fourteenth anniversary of the Indian Institute of World Culture and deliver the Foundation Day Address of the year.

I am glad that we are availing ourselves of this opportunity to pay our tribute to the Founder of the Institute. For over fifty years Shri B. P. Wadia was a well-known and highly respected figure in our country. He played a distinguished part in the life of thought and culture in the Madras, Bombay and Mysore States and achieved world fame as a true Theosophist and person of spiritual eminence. In the days when our political liberation was still a dream of the few, he laboured as an active worker in the Home Rule League to fire the nation with the divine spark of self-confidence and hope. Great indeed have been the national services of our Parsi countrymen, particularly in the fields of industry, education and philanthropy. Shri B. P. Wadia, who was endowed with qualities which would have brought him distinction in any vocation, chose for his activities the field of the intellect and the spirit, and established his permanent fame as an eminent Indian and a noble and good man. I am confident that his example and his precept will inspire coming generations with the humility, the love of fellow men and the spirit of service which characterized him.

I have the greatest pleasure in unveiling the portrait of Shri B. P. Wadia.

The date of the Foundation of the Indian Institute of World Culture was the 11th of August, and every year therefore this celebration of the Foundation Day occurs in the same week as the day of our national rejoicing,

our Independence Day. This is a happy coincidence. During my recent visit to Latin America my arrival coincided with a national festival there which was the occasion of similar rejoicing because it was also associated with the realization of freedom. My presence there at the time naturally turned my thoughts to the career and achievements of Simon Bolivar, to the independent States of which he was the architect, and to the great prominence among world nations to which some of the Latin American countries are now fast rising.

I have not chosen any formal topic for this Address, but should like to place before you a few thoughts on the subject of independence and interdependence in the world of today. I referred to the part that Shri B. P. Wadia began playing in the national movement over forty years ago. A nation's independence is not wholly or chiefly won by victories in the field, or by individual or even general physical bravery. Men of intellect and soul-force have to dedicate themselves to the task of preparing the nation and leading it out of darkness into light, out of the caverns of submission into the open air of freedom. Then only can the irresistible force of the nation's genius find and fulfil itself. Fortunately we in this country had the noblest of such leaders in Gandhiji and in the other architects of our freedom. Such leadership has been the guiding element in all movements of national independence in history. The freedom of the United States came through the labours of Washington and a band of other leaders, men of thought as well as of action. So too it was in South America, where the Spanish empire of three hundred years was overthrown about a century and a quarter ago.

I shall briefly refer to the career of Simon Bolivar, his influence on the national consciousness of Latin America and the part he played in the achievement of independence. This South American patriot has earned permanent fame in history as the Liberator — *El Libertador*.

Simon Bolivar's life (1783-1830) coincided almost exactly with the great age of Revolutions in Europe and European colonial empires, the age of the birth of modern democracy and nationalism in the West. Descended from a line of enlightened Spanish colonial ancestors, Bolivar was born in Venezuela. Of his teachers the most prominent was Simon Rodriguez, who based his teaching on the precepts of Rousseau. Bolivar travelled widely and visited not only the ancestral land of Spain, but also Paris and Rome. He studied the works of Montesquieu, Voltaire and other thinkers of the Age of Reason, and his political thought evolved out of the intellectual achievements of the eighteenth century. He married in Spain, but the death of his wife within a year of marriage left him with his country as his only love.

Bolivar was deeply impressed by the striking events of his generation, the French Revolution and the emergence of the United States of America. When he returned to South America he was greatly affected by the contrast between the ideals that he had acquired abroad and the actual conditions that prevailed in his own country. For over two hundred years the Spanish empire had been suffering from creeping paralysis, and had already lost the lordship of the Netherlands and the command of the seas, but the giant limbs were still stretched over South America. Bolivar felt that the day of liberation should not be put off any longer, and he dedicated himself to the cause of national independence.

Revolutions, as the conflagration in France showed, become inevitable when intellectual movements act powerfully on popular wrongs. The incompetence and improvidence of the Spanish Government at home were reproduced in

an even more acute form in the colonies in addition to other grievances of the people which were peculiar to the latter. It is true that the Spanish conquest which demolished the empire of the Incas in South America did bring to the conquered lands a measure of European civilization. Well-planned towns grew up. Many cathedrals and religious houses were erected. A University was established at Lima, in addition to another at Mexico. But these amenities were purchased at a heavy price in popular suffering. The Hapsburg monarchy in Spain was destined to be ruined by the policy, inaugurated by Philip II, of excessive centralization leading to delay and paralysis of the administration. This evil spread to the colonies also. Bigotry, greed, and cruelty too, found room for play in the newly acquired lands, and the conquered people were exploited unmercifully and reduced to a life of hard labour with little recompense. In course of time even the pure-blooded descendants of the original Spanish conquerors began to detest a system in which everything was directed and controlled by Madrid and its agents, who were mostly "gownmen," that is, churchmen and lawyers.

Even in the earliest days, we are told, the Spanish conquerors of America begged the king

> not to send lawyers, for as soon as they entered the land they set it agog with their books and there would be lawsuits and discussions.

This dread of lawyers, of course, had no implication of distrust of legal science or its honourable practitioners, such as at the present day serve as shining ornaments of democratic assemblies all over the world. It was mere dislike of the pseudo-lawyers who were the agents of the monarchy at the time and were looked upon as champion mischief-makers.

The change on the throne of Spain from Hapsburg to Bourbon brought no improvement. On the other hand, some of the evils of the *Ancien Régime* in France infected Spain and her colonies as well. Such, for instance, was the pernicious system of the sale of offices. Posts were sometimes created in order to be sold to the highest bidder. And inflation, smuggling and languishing commerce soon brought about the collapse of the public exchequer. Three centuries of colonial administration, therefore, had little to show beyond anarchy and general discontent. This was the field on which Bolivar felt himself called upon to labour.

Bolivar recognized that for this movement of liberation the motive force should originate in the educated Creoles, colonials of Spanish blood, and he found his strength in their support. The emancipation from Spanish rule was accomplished in a single generation. Bolivar put an end to Spanish dominion in Venezuela first, and then in Quito, the Ecuador of today. Bolivia, one of the two inland republics in South America, was formed in 1825. In Spanish days it had been known as Alto Peru, or Upper Peru, and it was now renamed so as to perpetuate the name of the liberator. In the brief space of twenty years the Spanish empire had become a matter of past history like the Inca empire which it had succeeded three centuries earlier.

Simon Bolivar is justly famous in history as the first founder of South American independence and of pan-South American unity such as it is today. Too often are the careers of the world's great men doomed to end in sadness and disillusionment. Bolivar had his share. Persistent disorders broke out in the country. The shoulders of the liberator had to bear for a time the mantle of dictatorship; and in the end he died a disappointed man. His victories in the battlefield brought no permanent settlement; but his greatness and true glory rest on his statesmanship and political thought and so are imperishable. His ideals of federa-

tion and union among the Latin American States are still a living influence.

The story of Bolivar, his achievement and his disappointment may be employed by the political moralist to illustrate the truth that, while proper leadership is vital and national independence is a great thing, the proper utilization and enjoyment of that independence depend on the character and calibre of the nation itself and its reaction to the stimulus of freedom. For its success independence demands that it should be firmly based on unity, efficiency and good citizenship. Independence and democracy will reveal the wealth or poverty, the worth or emptiness, of the soil in which they have to take root and from which they must draw sustenance. National independence is therefore not only a supreme asset but also a tremendous responsibility.

That responsibility is all the greater in the present-day world in which we have constantly to reconcile and pursue simultaneously the two ideals of national independence and world co-operation. In no previous age was it so necessary as it is today to realize, maintain and promote the oneness of the human race. As a result of our conquests over time, space and matter through the development of science, technology and communications, the peoples of the world are now knit together inextricably for good or evil. In former times men lived and thought corporately, as members of a village community or a caste, a guild or a convent. Then came the double development of individual rights on one side and national unity on the other. The wheel of history is now bringing again the corporate life into our midst, only now the corporation consists of the whole world sustained on a broad foundation of mutually supporting loyalties and friendships. Individual liberty and national freedom have now to be regarded in relation to the broad background of human solidarity and universal good will.

I am sure that Shri B. P. Wadia had in his mind the idea of this new patriotism, this real social contact among all men, when he chose the name of this Institute: the *Indian* Institute of *World* Culture. I am confident that the labours of this Institute will promote in every way possible the study and practice of the great ideals of our forefathers and the *Dharma* of our land in the framework of international friendship and the brotherhood of man.

H.H. Shri Jayachamarajendra
Wadiyar Bahadur

A VOTE OF THANKS

Your Highness, Madame Wadia. Ladies and Gentlemen,

It is indeed a very great and memorable day for us of this Institute, because of the gracious presence of Your Highness on the Foundation Day.

This Foundation Day will always stir in us a sad melancholy thought, that the Founder of this Institute Shri B. P. Wadia, who was in himself the embodiment of the ideals and objectives of this Institute, spoke to us from this platform, alas! for the last time. His great munificence, his vast resources, his abundant cultural achievements, his immense knowledge and learning, he unstintingly poured into this Institute, and brought it to this state where we hope and pray it will stand as a bright and inspiring monument of his selfless devotion to his fellow men. It is the portrait of that great and noble personage that Your Highness was gracious enough to unveil this evening. We are indeed very grateful to Your Highness.

That we were privileged to listen to an illuminating and inspiring address

on independence and interdependence has been a source of great delight to us all; and coming as it does from one who has dived deep into the realms of philosophy and theology, one who is an embodiment of all that is good in our Hindu culture, adds authenticity and lustre to the occasion. Inspired by your words and enlightened by your exposition, we shall long cherish the memory of this evening and may I, on behalf of all of us, tender our loyal and sincere gratitude to Your Highness for your great interest in this Institute?

M. N. MAHADEVAN

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[This month's leaves record an interesting conversation between **Shri Baldoon Dhingra** and Richard Cowell, author of *Culture in Private and Public Life*, about the prospects of the cultural University which lends so much colour to the spectacle of human communities.—ED.]

RICHARD COWELL, in his introduction to his book *Culture in Private and Public Life*, quotes Samuel Johnson, who said: "He who drives fat oxen need not himself be fat." Thus a man who writes about culture need not be a cultured man. But in this case the man and his work deserve special attention because I think few men better deserve the title of "cultured" than does Richard Cowell. I have known Cowell for a long time. I have known him as a Civil Servant and as the author of a fine book on Sorokin and another on Cicero and the Roman world; and I have known him as a friend. Cowell belongs to that category of mankind which is a diminishing species. A man of culture, as I see him, is one who is considerate, thoughtful, sympathetic, appreciative of the values of which he is a product and is open-minded about those of others.

At bottom, culture is an elusive thing. I think Amiel was right when he said that modern culture is a delicate electuary made up of varied savours and subtle colours, which can be more easily felt than measured or defined. Its very superiority consists in the complexity, the association of contraries, the skilful combination, it implies. The man of today, according to Amiel, fashioned by the geographical and historical influences of many countries and many centuries, trained and modified by all the sciences and all the arts, the supple recipient of all literatures, is an entirely new product. He finds affinities, relationships, analogies, everywhere, but at the same time he condenses and sums up what is elsewhere scattered. He is like the smile of La Gioconda, which seems to reveal a soul to the spectator only to leave him the more certainly under a final impression of mystery, so many different things are expressed in it at once. I put Richard Cowell a number of questions and he answered them in his own inimitable way.

Baldoon Dhingra: What is the future of cultural relations?

Richard Cowell: It would not only be rash but very foolish to suppose that anyone can forecast the future pattern of cultural relations in the world with any certainty. The essence of cultural development is precisely the unpredictable way in which new patterns can emerge when men have freedom to think, to write, to design and construct, to paint, and proceed more or less as they wish.

B.D.: Will cultures be free to develop?

R.C.: To assume that they will have such freedom begs the first big ques-

tion about the future of culture. The periods of human history in which such liberty has been real are relatively few and relatively short. It is not so much a matter of those long periods when novelty of thought and opinion was forcibly restrained by emperors, kings, priests and rulers, but also of the long reign of intolerance by great masses of people as well. Kings, such as Charles II in England, to name only one, could be more ready to be stimulated by thought and enquiry than many intolerant communities have been, who were, and still are, ready to make life hell for anyone who seems likely to deviate from the well-established routine of life.

B.D.: Does the power of tradition still exist?

R.C.: The great strength of established routines provides a basis for a limited amount of prediction, at any rate over a short period of time. Difficult as it is to sort out and to describe the cultural traditions which all settled communities inherit and pass on to succeeding generations, they should help towards an understanding of cultural forces, which would otherwise be difficult to explain or to relate. The study of comparative cultures has not made much progress, and we are only beginning to realize its interest and importance.

B.D.: Is there a trend towards uniformity in cultural development today?

R.C.: What I have so briefly and inadequately said about the power of tradition shows, I think, that there have always been strong forces making for uniformity within settled communities. They are still there and still active. The fear now is, of course, that these local, national and regional patterns may be ironed out into something much more uniform. It is fear which exists not only on the international level but on the national level also. In the relatively tiny British Isles there has been, over the past centuries, a very considerable variety in cultural life, which has been reflected in speech, dress, food and often in personal relations. Now we have a national radio and television, a national daily, periodical and magazine press, nationally provided educational and social-welfare services — all of which seem to threaten this variety.

Other forces at work on the national and international fronts also seem to threaten this variety. Political ideologies, even when directed by worthy people to worthy ends, which have the effect of favouring the great mass of the people, can be culturally dangerous in this sense because the mass is always liable to be mainly composed of mediocrities. Perhaps it is the latent fear of just such a threatened cultural levelling-down process that has inspired a greater aversion to Socialism and particularly to Marxian Communism (and inspired an aversion to democracy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries) than the distrust all these great movements aroused on purely political and economic grounds.

B.D.: Will the new internationalism of the United Nations lead to cultural uniformity?

R.C.: Fears of a different order arise from the growing influence of the United Nations and of its Specialized Agencies, particularly UNESCO. Will they not, it is asked, become a menace to culture because they seek to diminish differences between the various nations of the earth? It was obviously with this fear in mind that those who wrote the Constitution of UNESCO called special attention to the need to preserve what they happily called "the fruitful diversity of cultures" in the Member States of the Organization.

Where that diversity is indeed fruitful, we should all agree that it should be preserved. But we all know also that there have been cultural practices, some hallowed by long observance from primitive times, that none of us would wish to preserve: human sacrifices and

ritual murders, for example. The United Nations, by developing something in the nature of a collective conscience of mankind, may, and indeed must, exert *some* influence in the direction of cultural uniformity. As long as it involves a genuine levelling *up* of cultural life, and not a levelling *down* as Socialism and Marxian Communism inevitably tend to do (whatever their merits on economic grounds are supposed to be), there should be no cause for alarm.

So far it seems plain that the United Nations and UNESCO are concentrating precisely upon this levelling-up process. How far it should go and how much of a risk it would be to culture is beyond the power of any single individual to say. Before we get alarmed about it, however, I think we ought to reflect not merely upon the immense force of local and national tradition, but above all be reassured by remembering the infinite possibilities to the world as it is today.

A hundred years or so ago a very wise, old, sane British thinker, John Stuart Mill, is recorded as having reflected in one of his not-so-rare pessimistic moods that the future for music could not be very bright because, with the strictly limited number of notes in the musical scale, all possible tunes would inevitably and before long be composed. When the wise can be so wrong, we need not fear that humanity will soon arrive at all that science and philosophy strive to discover; will soon give up the eternal quest for beauty in painting, sculpture, architecture and the crafts; or will so perfect codes of ethics and behaviour that the moral struggle will no longer call for effort. As long as these great outlets for human energy and creative ability are still pursued with unflagging zest there should be little need for alarm about the future of culture in human societies.

BALDOON DHINGRA

CORRESPONDENCE

I AM NOT REALLY SURE who is to blame for an error of implication which has crept into Mr. Brown's very kind and perceptive review of my book THE CASE AGAINST HUNTING.

Mr. Brown says that I am one who himself "loves to hunt." This is not true at all; and I can only assume that Mr. Brown was misled by my dedication which reads as follows: "To my Wife — who likes Hunting as much as I do!" I thought the exclamation mark would service to indicate that the remark did not mean quite what it said. It does, in fact, mean, that my wife dislikes every modern form of hunting as I do; and I have never followed any hounds or Hunt in my adult life. Certainly, as I have said in my book, I think that the 'drag hunt' would enable people to enjoy a ride across country without involving animals in suffering. But this idealised form of hunting is a long way off. Those who regularly hunt look upon it as no substitute at all for what they are pleased to call "sport." It does seem that in Britain at least, we are only just beginning to liberate ourselves from crowd impulses. If the influence of the mob is not what it was, the modern crowd still can act as a purposive body in city or country. Mr. Brown and yourself will both appreciate that I felt it necessary to correct an impression which is denied in the body of the book.

E. W. MARTIN

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Man boasts his cities and civilizations, his gigantic technical achievements, his luxury substitutes for the "meagre resources," the vagaries of climate, that nature, unaided, offers. Thus he comes to take all these artificial mainstays to life for granted, and to think them secure realities until, one day, the goddess Fortune gives a warning, and, laughing in her sleeve, turns off the switch and reduces metropolitan manikin to impotence.

Joyce Egginton (*London News Chronicle* Correspondent in New York, August 19th, 1959) describes most graphically how, on the evening ot August 17th, after five days of intensive heat, with all the electric equipment in New York City going full pressure, the overloaded system gave way for thirteen hours, producing a scene like science fiction in the five square miles of Manhattan. The temperature was 90 degrees, the humidity at the stage denoted "misery," and, in the darkness that came down on the city, all air-conditioning ceased, the stopped skyscraper lifts held their sweltering loads by the hundreds, subway trains with the signals no longer working became suffocating prisons for their myriad passengers. There were no lights, except candles (Catholic churches made record sales of these), and sweating traffic jammed and snarled in the streets, to the constant hooting of horns. Blind patients of the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind had to lead their sighted companions home; tenants marooned in high, and now oven-hot apartments were without radio, television, fans or refrigeration. In the heatfull darkness, permeated with the atmosphere of hysteria, a significant comment was heard: "It looks like a part of the city died."

This has brought home to New Yorkers, the reporter writes, more than all the civil defence warnings, what war might mean to them, and made them realize the significance of the statement of the electricity company that "anything that man makes can break down."

In previous centuries in Europe, men reminded themselves of the uncertainties of life, of the frail mortality of bodily things, by means of the series of paintings and prints known, in various forms, as "The Dance of Death." There King Death, in skeleton form, intervenes in every human activity, snatching the lover, taking the babe from its mother's knee, calling inexorably the merchant, the king on his throne, the poor countryman at his ploughing. None are secure from destruction.

But a materialist civilization, full of self-assurance, living in the present moment, tends to forget that there is no real dependence on things of matter, no "security of tenure" in mortality, and that the more artificial man's life becomes the more he is at the mercy of what he has created. A civilization in which spirit and not matter were the dominant note would suffer not destruction, as civilizations have done in the past — and of which this present episode can be seen as a token warning — but would find regeneration.

———————

In a world where pessimism finds so much to feed on, it is good to note small happenings that show that we need never lose hope, even though future prospects may seem to offer nothing but despair. One such happy story

(*Times Educational Supplement*, August 21st, 1959) comes from a correspondent, the mother of a backward boy, who tells what has happened to him. Two years ago she wrote, in the same paper, under the title of "No Way Out" about the pain she and the boy's father, and the boy himself, experienced because of his condition — his inability to hold his own at school, even with those much younger than himself; his grief at schoolboy ridicule; his inarticulate bewilderment, in his teens, when he could not hold down even the simplest job, and was rejected by employer after employer, who confirmed what the psychiatrists and the special schools had said, that he was ineducable and unemployable.

But now, a "miracle" has been gradually wrought, and he is still holding down the job (his ninth) that he started eighteen months ago, when he was seventeen. What brought about the transformation was an old rusty bicycle found on a corporation dump, and clumsily but lovingly dismantled by his own efforts, without interference, over laborious weeks. Then for the first time in his life came the desire to construct, and he asked his father for help. It was given, but so unobtrusively that the triumph of creation remained his. This led to his making his first friend, a boy with a similar ancient machine; and, in working together on their two steeds, he began to learn the vocabulary of the mechanism, to understand its working. Then, again for the first time, he began to save money — for a new machine, the pride of his life. The next step was joining a cycling club, and, wonderful to relate, he "proved — for some biological reason —to have the build for, and knack of great speed." Now he was an important person in team work, and also as solo-representative of the club. But that was not all. He has been elected social secretary, by his fellow members, despite the fact that he cannot write properly and will have to get help from his parents with the correspondence. The club secretary, when questioned, brushed that aside as non-essential.

> But he's the ideal person for the job [the man said]. He gets *on* so well with everyone —and he'll always help the lads who know nothing, the new members. We all like him . . . we guessed he'd need help from home. But we *had* to elect him. You see—he's such a *good chap*.

Here is to be seen how one-sided are our conceptions of education — in terms of scholarship, development of intellect and competitive abilities, to the exclusion of the self-generated growth of creative qualities and the skills in human relationships (what one might call the soul values). The story brings hope to parents, but it also gives would-be teachers a lesson.

That student indiscipline was the one major problem affecting the country in the field of education was pinpointed by Shri C. D. Deshmukh, Chairman of the Indian University Grants Commission, in his recent speech at Manila. Shri Deshmukh, who won the 1959 Ramon Magsaysay Award for Government Service, was speaking before a Students' Convocation at the State University of the Philippines. It was the same subject of indiscipline that was also emphasized by Professor N. K. Sidhanta, Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, in the course of his Convocation Address to the Madras University last month. After defining the functions of the University, Professor Sidhanta referred to the five ancient virtues, three of them speculative and two practical, and added:—

> But these virtues by themselves may not be synonymous with moral qualities and we cannot rest in the complacent confidence that the Universities have, in the process of training the intellect, moulded the character of their *alumni* in the proper manner, have ensured in their products a harmony of gentleness and courage, of stability and freedom, of curiosity and reverence, of confidence and tolerance.

The essence of such training is in the inculcation of a discipline which leads a receptive individual from being the self-centred individual he is in essence to a subordination of the self as a member of a family, of a community, a nation or the whole human society.

Discipline is not something to be imposed from outside; it is a faculty to be aroused and developed from within. Not by mere moral exhortation is it to be implanted but to be made part of a student's being, transmuting every act of his daily existence. It is refreshing to note that the Professor's observations recall the memorable words on education penned by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, nearly eighty years ago:—

Educate! Educate!! The children are our salvation. Just as the student of occult nature can imbue the new atoms of his body which momentarily replace the old ones, with less vicious tendencies and thus regenerate himself by moral Alchemy and attain the "Elixir of Life," so can a nation work its own regeneration by educating the new atoms of its national body, its children.

Professor Sidhanta also referred to several other aspects of education; and it is worth while to extract the observations which he made regarding examinations, which, in H. P. Blavatsky's words, are "the terror of modern boyhood and youth" and "form the practical application of the modern science method to the *genus homo, qua* intellection."

Examinations are not intended to test a stock of information resposed in the memory of a student; they are not intended simply to discover how many books he has studied and how much of these he remembers. The questions have to be framed to stimulate thought or challenge the interest of the candidate: they should compel him to integrate his ideas round certain centres of interest; they should require evaluation of studied material and ability to correlate facts drawn from different sources; they should compel the student to give some evidence of the ability to think for himself and to give adequate expression to his thoughts. In other words, the examination must test the standards of intellectual attainment of each individual student the standards which justify the fulfilment of the objectives of University education.

According to these objectives, then, education ought to be regarded as a system of encouraging self-expression through creative activity which is both free and self-disciplined.

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